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The Week

EVERYONE was made angry by the Republican plank on prohibition, the Drys no less than the Wets; and amid this universal excoriation, the significant fact that federal prohibition itself has been abandoned is in danger of being overlooked. Yet such is the case. The G.O.P. has turned its back once and for all on the experiment noble in purpose. Whatever the Democrats may do, they will certainly go as far toward repeal as their opponents and probably much farther. The Drys may form a popgun third party; they may stay home from the polls; but in any case they will be defeated in November. The formal ending of the attempt to enforce a moral discipline by federal amendment can hardly be more than five or six years away, perhaps much nearer; and the abandonment of even the present pretense at enforcement is probably nearer still. Each American region will then settle the question for its own inhabitants and in its own way.

SENATOR Borah's "bolt" from the Republican plank on prohibition is bad news for the G.O.P. [illegible] good news for admirers of the Senator, many of whom have long deplored his habit of staying on the reservation when adherence to principles would seem to demand a summary departure. To be sure, we are far from clear as to what he proposes to do about it. He will not try to create a new Dry party, or resuscitate an old one; he won't vote Democratic, or Socialist or Communist. Presumably he will just borrow Mr. Gandhi's sheet and go in for non-violent non-coöperation with Mr. Hoover. He won't campaign for him, or anybody; he will sit at home on election day. If enough Dry Republicans do the same thing, the Democrats will win; and certainly, the chief political effect of his pronouncement will be to take a lot of these gentry temporarily out of the party and maroon them up Salt Creek. Disagreeing with Senator Borah as we do on prohibition, we are nevertheless delighted to see him burning his bridges behind him. We only hope he burns them all, and that they stay burned.

AS A matter of fact, the Senator seems to have been as much baffled by the Republican prohibition plank as any other humble American citizen who can read English. He denounced it both because it was obscure and because it was damp. Whether or not the plank itself is obscure, the Senator's interpretation of it certainly is. In proof of this statement we take the privilege of quoting two sentences from his speech, the second being removed from the first by thirty-six paragraphs but so far as logic is concerned by at least a million light years:

> I contend that this platform has one definite, unmistakable proposition in it, and that is the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. . . .
>
> Mr. President, I think that the most striking feature of this plank is the proposition that we cannot detect from any reading or any study of it where the Republican party stands on this question.

WAR next week or war next month now seems less likely than it did early in June. On the Manchurian front, the Japanese seem to have introduced a censorship, so that we no longer read of their dangerous progress toward the Siberian border. Perhaps they have decided to dig in for

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already conquered before making any further advances. In the West, the Poles have announced their intention of negotiating a separate non-aggression treaty with Russia without waiting for Rumania to put an end to her suspicious delay. It seems quite possible, at present, that the crisis will pass as did the Shanghai crisis last winter, and the Italian-Jugoslav crisis that threatened two years ago, and the Ruhr crisis of 1923, and all the other crises that have occurred since the signing of what was supposed to be a final treaty of peace. But whatever the temporary solutions offered from month to month, the underlying causes of the next war remain as ominous as ever. At a time when international corporations are failing, and cartels dissolving, the international peace movement, too, must confess its partial bankruptcy. Since 1918, it has created an imposing lot of machinery for preventing the open declaration of war between nations. On several occasions, this machinery has worked in its awkward and belated fashion: it has worked by delaying matters until passions had cooled and the crisis grown less acute; but it has done nothing whatever to affect the forces that produce one crisis after another. Perhaps, when the explosion comes, it will be all the worse for the delay.

IN A situation like this, it is heartening to learn that a peace movement is being started along new lines. An international committee headed by Henri Barbusse, Albert Einstein, Romain Rolland, Heinrich Mann, H. G. Wells, Bernard Shaw, Maxim Gorky and Mme. Sun Yat-sen, has called for the organization of a world congress against war. The congress is to be composed, not of statesmen, but primarily of people who fought in the last War or would be forced to fight in the next. There will be representatives of labor unions in all countries—especially of unions organized in the various war industries—as well as members of peace societies. They will meet in Geneva on August 1, not far from the building where diplomats have been conducting their long debates. The means they will adopt for preventing the next war are still to be decided. But from the temper of the delegates already chosen, one thing seems certain—namely, that the congress will not be pacifistic. It will try to initiate nothing less than a general war against war, a campaign to be waged on all fronts by every possible appeal to public opinion. This is a time, moreover, when such an appeal might be decisive. There are a dozen forces driving nations toward war, but there is also a disposition among statesmen to hesitate and count the costs of it. In such a period of doubt, a clear program based on popular support, a clear statement that in event of war so many workmen would strike and so many conscripts refuse to be conscripted, might be successful in preventing a world calamity.

so often the case with these measures, it is a thoroughly indefensible one. The bill in question would make adherence to Communism automatic grounds for deportation for any alien. It is so loosely drawn that under it any foreign college professor explaining the principles of Marx in the classroom might be deported. Membership in any organization affiliated, however indirectly, with the Communist International would also be grounds for deportation, regardless of the fact that organizations, like individuals, are quite capable of changing their minds. While expulsion from the country awaits the Communist who proposes to overthrow a government by force, there is a specific exemption for the alien who plans to overthrow a Communist government anywhere by force. In short, this bad bill displays at its worst the narrowness, prejudice and un-Americanism which so often mark the attitude of the Department of Labor in its dealings with foreigners.

THE depression, which is being felt throughout every aspect of our life, has not exempted the colleges. Most of our institutions of higher learning find themselves with sharply diminished incomes, while the burdens upon them have not decreased correspondingly; for while some students have been forced to leave college through poverty, others go there, or stay longer than they had intended, because they see no hope of obtaining employment. Faced with the necessity of retrenchment, many institutions have followed the course which is easiest, though also most unfair; they have dismissed instructors and part-time assistants wholesale, while leaving intact the salaries of better paid and more important members of the faculty. The men who are thus dismissed are nowadays almost all Doctors of Philosophy; they have spent many years preparing themselves for college teaching, and it is peculiarly difficult for them to adjust quickly to the necessity of following some other occupation. The American Association of University Professors, which is endeavoring to call attention to this situation, urges that when the salary roll needs to be reduced, this should be effected by a uniform percentage reduction on everybody, from the president down. The justice of this suggestion seems obvious. Indeed, we are puzzled to know how the heads of departments in many institutions have been able to justify, to themselves or anyone else, continuing their own salaries unreduced while turning their younger colleagues into the street.

THERE is no more fascinating subject for study than the ethics of big business, of which fresh examples come daily to hand. The latest exhibit is furnished by the New York Telephone Company, pleading before the State Public Service Commission in regard to its special charge for hand sets, or

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privilege, which at current rates of interest is at least ten times what they cost. In answer to the City Affairs Committee, which has demanded the abolition of this highway robbery, the company pleaded in its defense (a) that few subscribers ever protested against the charge; (b) that it was losing money in other departments of its business because of the depression; (c) that the hand sets are merely a luxury anyway; (d) that the company, not having had brains enough to foresee the demand for instruments of this style, now has large numbers of the old type on hand. The answers to these claims are fairly obvious. The first point is irrelevant. The second may or may not be true (the company steadfastly does its best to keep the facts concealed); but it represents a weird conception of business operation. The third is a half-truth; the one-third of all the New York subscribers who now use the hand set do so because they find it a real convenience. The fourth is an argument that the public should be penalized for the incompetence of the telephone company's engineers.

ONE of the signs of the times is the remarkable increase in deposits in the postal savings banks. Although the average deposits for the three (fiscal) years ending in 1929 were only $120,000,000, the amount rose in 1930 to $148,000,000 and in 1931 it skyrocketed to $306,000,000. Six months later, at the end of the calendar year, it had almost doubled again, to $605,000,000. A tentative estimate of the total on April 30, 1932, gives almost $714,000,000, an increase of 500 percent since the beginning of the depression. The number of individual accounts also increased very rapidly, having gained 65 percent in 1931. This growth is the more noteworthy when we remember that the postal savings banks pay only 2-percent interest, and each depositor is limited to $2,500—limitations set long ago at the dictation of the private banks, which were careful not to permit Uncle Sam to become an active competitor of their own. The reason people are turning to the postal banks is of course the fear that private banks may not be solvent—a well justified fear in view of the 4,000 which have closed their doors in the past two and a half years. We are aware of no good reason why the government should not enter the banking business in earnest; but until it is prepared to do so, the recommendation of Postmaster General Brown ought to be carried out, and the limit on deposits raised to $5,000. If this were done, very large amounts would instantly come out of hoarding and be put into the postal banks; and since these redeposit their money with other banks, the effect upon business would be wholly good.

A CREDIT union, as most of our readers are aware, is an association of persons of moderate means who pool part of their savings in order that members of the union who need money may obtain small sums without paying [illegible]

When the movement toward credit unions began, some years ago, they were bitterly opposed by banks which feared that they might prove important competitors; these banks argued that money deposited with the credit unions would not be safe. But just the opposite has been the fact. There are now credit unions in thirty-five states, and in thirty-three of these there has not been a single failure since the depression began. In one state, Virginia, a credit union went under, and there were a few failures in unions supported by loosely knit racial groups in New York. Indeed, the most serious losses sustained by the credit union have been occasioned by the failure of commercial banks which were holding their funds. As we hardly need to remind our readers, while the unions were making these fine records, more than 4,000 banks closed their doors, bringing hardships to millions of persons.

The Honest Republicans

ONE FEATURE of the Republican Convention deserves unstinted praise. It was honest. The country now knows exactly what the party is and stands for; and if the voters proceed to reëlect Mr. Hoover, it is their own fault. They can't say they weren't warned.

To be sure, the prohibition plank tries to face in two directions at once; but the effort to do this is marked by such transparent incompetence, such ineffectual deceit, that if the plank had the word Hypocrisy painted on it in letters two feet high, it could not have announced its purpose more clearly to the world. To be sure, also, the Convention did a few other things which evidenced some feeble intent to deceive. It praised Hoover and damned the Democrats for the same thing—for advocating public works for unemployment relief. It urged participation in the World Court although the Republicans have controlled the country for ten years without joining that body. It was silent about the extremely important question of war debts, leaving each good little voter to write that part of the platform in his own head and in accordance with his own views. It proposed to "maintain" the parity between the protection of agriculture and the protection of industry—something which doesn't now exist, which the party is incapable of establishing and which it is in fact unwilling to create. And finally, it might be urged that there was also some dissimulation in the whipped-up appearance of enthusiasm for presidential and vice-presidential nominees whom an overwhelming majority of the delegates undoubtedly dislike intensely and were forced to accept by the application of the crudest sort of power politics.

On the whole, however, the performance at Chicago remains an essentially honest one. The Republican party has had no new idea since the

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which said so. It is a deflationist, a bankers' party. It is blind to all the havoc wrought by its tariff policy and advocates a continuance of all its essential features. It flatly approves of the alien-baiting activities of the Department of Labor, going out of its way to include in the platform a single sentence commending this one alone among all government departments. It commits itself irrevocably to the old Hoover doctrine of rugged individualism for the poor and special privilege for the rich. It adheres to the theory that if you just give sufficient subventions to big business, prosperity will trickle down through to the masses. There is hardly a sentence in the whole document which would indicate that the framers of it had not fallen asleep in 1914 and slept ever since. The world they knew has collapsed about their ears, but they don't even notice it. Ten million American workers and their dependents are threatened with starvation, and all that the sages of the G.O.P. have to offer is "a hair of the dog that bit you." It is not without significance that all the chief performers at Chicago were old men. One must indeed be old, to the point of senility, to maintain in the face of the conditions which exist in the world today such a cloistered vision of a happy, vanished past.

It is quite possible, of course, that the Democrats will make an even worse exhibition of themselves. Whether they do or not, the Republicans may win this election. But as we have already suggested, if they do they at least will win under no false pretenses. The Convention at Chicago showed what they are and what they stand for. If they are returned to office, we, the voters, have only ourselves to blame.

The Tax Bill

TO EXTRACT an additional billion dollars from the community by taxation at a time when taxes already absorb more than one-sixth of the national income would not ordinarily occur to one as a remedy for industrial depression. It might seem more sensible to wait until we are at least part way up the hill before imposing on the nation an additional burden. Nevertheless, many financial experts have told us that that is the way to climb the hill—in fact, they have even insisted that we shall not have strength to climb it unless we do put a far bigger load upon our backs. Of course, they do not use this precise language—it sounds far more sensible to talk about "balancing the budget" than about shouldering a heavy burden to help ourselves up the hill. And yet *some* immediate increase in federal tax revenue is undoubtedly desirable, for during the year 1931-1932 the total income of the government has been less than half its expenditures.

How much of an increase would be wise is a highly debatable question. At any rate, Congress of new money by taxation, and on June 6, the new tax bill became law. It more than doubles the personal income tax, it increases slightly the corporation income tax, it imposes over twenty special excise (or sales) taxes and a number of miscellaneous levies, it increases the existing tax on stock transfers and imposes several new stamp taxes, and it raises postal rates. It even imposes several import duties, which, however, will yield practically no revenue. Whatever one's opinion of the law, one must concede that it greatly broadens the base of taxation. Everyone who uses cosmetics or dentifrices, who makes home brew, who writes letters, who drives a car, who draws checks or who uses electricity will pay an additional tax. One is tempted to add that so will everyone who chews gum or who uses matches, but it is not certain that these particular taxes will ever reach the consumer. In addition, many hundreds of thousands of persons who have never paid an income tax will now pay one.

On whom do the new taxes fall? This is difficult to answer, especially for the immediate future, because most of the excise taxes are levied upon manufacturers (or importers) and it is a gamble, under present market conditions, how rapidly many of these taxes can be shifted to the consumer. The taxes on checks, telephone and telegraph messages, the higher postage rates, and the taxes on trucks, may all be regarded as primarily business taxes. They are expected to yield about $263,500,000. But most of the excise taxes (except that on trucks and several which cannot be easily shifted), the tax on admissions and the tax on safety-deposit boxes will fall largely upon the ultimate consumer. They are expected to provide about $488,500,000. *Under present economic conditions,* it is probably wise to place most of the burden temporarily upon consumers and it is to be hoped that most of the excises will be rather promptly shifted from manufacturers to consumers. The reason for this conclusion is that most enterprises are already operating at a loss and nothing is more effective in inducing managers to postpone repairs and replacements, to slash working forces to the bone and to make further cuts in wages, than to see their working capital gradually being eaten up by sales below cost. This is why taxes that fall upon working capital will do more than any other kind to bring about a contraction of economic activity. Of course, shifting taxes to the consumer reduces his purchasing power and thus limits the markets of industry, but this unfortunate alternative merely indicates the doubtful wisdom of *any* sharp increase in taxes in the midst of depression.

Does the bill "soak the rich"? Of the $178,000,000 additional expected from the personal income tax, $63,000,000 will come from the increase in the normal income-tax rates (roughly double the old) and from lowering the exemptions, and $27,000,000 from abolishing the earned-income credit.

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but, in the main, upon the recipients of moderate incomes derived from labor rather than investments. Although the surtax now begins as low as $6,000, let us assume that practically all of the $88,000,000 expected from it comes from the rich. The same assumption may be made for the capital-loss provisions which are bringing in about $80,000,000. But only two quarterly payments at the new income-tax rates fall within the next fiscal year. In estimating the share of the rich, therefore, it is necessary to double the estimates for all income-tax payments. Among the numerous excise taxes, only three (furs, jewelry and boats) can by any stretch of the imagination be regarded as falling primarily upon the rich. Their total yield will be about $21,500,000. Add to these the gift tax with an estimated yield of $5,000,000 and the stamp taxes on stock and bond transfers, and the share of the rich is $387,500,000, or slightly more than one-fourth of the yield when all taxes are computed on an annual basis. Can anyone pretend that this is "soaking" the rich? And yet the administration would have shifted the burden even lower. It persistently stood out for a tax on all admissions over ten cents instead of forty cents, which would have provided about $50,000,000, and, until May 31, when Secretary Mills withdrew his opposition, it kept out of the bill the Connally amendment restoring, with extensions, the income-tax rates of 1922. This amendment added $70,000,000, and possibly more.

Perhaps the most ridiculous features of the bill are the duties on coal and coke, petroleum, copper and lumber. All are products which we export in substantially greater amounts than we import, but because we do import small quantities, new or higher duties are levied upon them. For example, because we import about one-fifth of one per cent of our coal and coke (one-fifteenth of our exports), a duty of $2 a ton has been levied upon them. These four duties, which are expected to yield only $6,500,000, will cost us the loss of much trade with Latin America and Canada. Aside from a fight which was precipitated in the Senate Committee, the bill was blocked in the Senate for a week from May 17 until May 24. It was with the support of such administrative henchmen as Smoot, Reed, Bingham and Watson that the duties were forced through. The Treasury declined to express an opinion about them and the President was unable or unwilling to have them excluded in committee.

Less passive was the administration's stand on the sales tax, or the manufacturers' excise tax, as Mr. Hoover preferred to call it. Its proponents hoped that the unpopularity of the special excises would provoke a demand for it and they were partly right. Nevertheless, despite Mr. Hoover's special plea to the Senate, the tax was defeated. This was fortunate. From the standpoint of *immediate* effects, the great danger is that a small sales tax levied on manufacturers would fall for the time being largely upon the working capital [illegible] would accentuate the contraction of business operations. From the standpoint of *long-run* effects, the danger is that it would be passed on to consumers without their realizing it. The revenue possibilities of a small sales tax are immense and this, indeed, is precisely why it is dangerous. So easily and so insidiously could the government revenues be increased by small advances in the rate that the tax would be a constant temptation to extravagance. It would also create the danger that the poor would be "soaked" by the simple process of reducing the income tax in times of boom and, then, during the next depression, increasing the sales tax to balance the budget. The fight for the sales tax is far from over, as the widespread radio campaign against the present tax law plainly indicates. Nearly one-fourth of the revenue created by the law comes from the automobilist in taxes on cars, trucks, accessories, tires, oil and gasoline, and the industries which sell to him are up in arms against the bill. Furthermore, the sales tax has more support in the Senate than the vote on May 31 indicates.

Will the new taxes balance the budget? To this question one may confidently answer "No." To predict how much the bill will yield involves predicting how many tires and tubes, radios and mechanical refrigerators, and how much candy, chewing gum and gasoline the American people will buy during the next year, how much home brew they will make, what will be the profits of business corporations and the incomes of individuals. One can guess at these things, but the probable error in the guesses is large. Even while the bill was in the Senate, Mr. Mills reduced his estimates of its yield by $125,000,000. But even should the revenue greatly exceed the estimates, the budget will not be balanced—at least in the "Hooverian" sense of the term, which fails to distinguish between current and capital expenditures. On the basis of the administration's figures, economies of $300,000,000 would be necessary to create a balance. But the Economy Bill has just emerged from conference with savings of only $63,000,000. Furthermore, the administration's estimates assume that we shall receive payments of $250,000,000 on the war debts during the coming year and they take no account of the $300,000,000 (and possibly much more) which is likely to be advanced to the states for unemployment relief. Here is a deficit of well over half a billion staring us in the face. In addition, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation has exhausted the $750,000,000 advanced by the government and the Treasury is about to purchase another $250,000,000 of the Corporation's six-month notes. How much more the Treasury will be required to advance to the Corporation is uncertain, but it will undoubtedly be many millions. In short, the deficit for the next year will probably be well above a billion, and it may easily be closer to two billion than to one.

Will the prospect of a large deficit reawaken the alarm over the gold standard and government

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knows. The concern over the gold standard has somewhat subsided. Foreign central banks have taken most of their balances, but the gold standard here remains intact. Unless foreigners become frightened into selling American securities, the drain of gold is probably over. The short-term public debt is uncomfortably large but, despite this fact, the attitude toward the government's credit is improving. Even during the worst of the hysteria, the Treasury succeeded in borrowing at short-term for as low as .029 percent. And whatever may be the yield of the new taxes next year, their potential yield on a year of moderately good business is enormous. Finally, the business community is awakening to the grave dangers in too heavy taxes, particularly those which fall in large measure upon working capital. This may prevent business men from again being stampeded into a demand for the immediate balancing of the budget.

Mr. Hoover has said that "we cannot squander our way into prosperity." But certainly we cannot *tax* ourselves into prosperity. Whether one chooses to call it squandering or spending, the inescapable fact remains that we must *spend* our way into prosperity and that, at a time when every workman is uncertain of his job and all enterprises are worrying about impairment of their liquid funds, the government must take the lead in supporting the markets for labor and commodities.

A Leaderless World

WRITING in The London Times on the eve of the Lausanne Conference, John Maynard Keynes made an interesting suggestion. Europe is in a critical situation, he said in effect, which calls for immediate and decisive action. Further German reparations payments should be cut down to a nominal sum, what he calls a "token" payment. Then he suggests that the Lausanne conferees should go to Washington, tell the Americans what they have done and ask for a reconsideration of the war-debt question. He hopes that the matter could then be discussed on a nonpartisan basis, perhaps by a joint commission of Republicans and Democrats, who would agree to take the issue out of domestic politics. He recognizes that friendly Americans advise against such a move while the national campaign is in progress; but insists that such a bold stroke on the part of Europe might find a surprisingly strong response in the United States.

That the European situation is critical, no well informed person can deny; indeed, it may already be too late for any measures of amelioration which have the faintest possible chance of being put into effect. It is an overwhelming indictment of American statesmanship that at this late day Europeans should be talking about the desirability of approaching us in this matter. There is no more reason, logically, why the initiative should rest with the are the debtors, we the creditor; but all alike are suffering from the economic disaster which is largely the aftermath of the War, and can only be ameliorated by common international action on many fronts at once. Scores of intelligent Americans have urged President Hoover to take the initiative in the matter of the war debts; and we must face the fact that it is chiefly his personal indecision and timidity which have prevented his doing so. He has allowed a few barking dogs in Congress to frighten him away from a course which in the long run is as much to our own interest as that of Europe.

We should like nothing better, therefore, than to see the European nations follow the course Mr. Keynes suggests. While the chance of success is small, the only alternatives are so much worse that even this chance ought to be taken. But before America begins to listen to Mr. Keynes, he must make himself heard in Downing Street, the Quai d'Orsay and the Wilhelmstrasse. Are the diplomats of Europe taking his advice? We see no evidence that they are. The first few days of the Lausanne Conference have presented a melancholy spectacle of nationalistic jockeying for position and attempts at face-saving. The new French government gives no signs of being better than its predecessors. The new German government is worse than that of Dr. Brüning in every way. The Tory government of Great Britain, of which Mr. MacDonald is an increasingly pathetic figurehead, would like to do something for European appeasement, but lacks both the understanding and the power of decisive action.

Most people comfort themselves, in a world situation such as the present, with the thought that when things have got bad enough, they are bound to get better. But this is not necessarily true. In the present state of the world, historical precedents no longer count for very much. It is entirely possible that when things have got bad enough, they will proceed to get worse. And there is increasing evidence to support the belief that the problems of today have hopelessly outrun the intelligence of our present political and economic masters.

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A New Deal for America

I: *The Nemesis of Progress*

RUSSIA today is building up her industrial and agricultural plant at the cost of an adequate flow of goods to consumers. Her people are advised to tighten their belts and survive as best they may (food is at least sufficient) until the plant is built. Then, with machine and power production displacing many inefficient handicraft methods, a tremendous increase in living standards is promised, and, indeed, logically indicated. At the present time, accordingly, the best industrial management and a disproportionately large percentage of workers are being devoted to constructing dams, factories, power lines, railroads, office buildings and *producers'* goods generally, while a disproportionately small percentage is manning the factories and actually turning out *consumers'* goods.

What Russia shows clearly and dramatically over a short period, has been going on in the United States over a long period; so long indeed that the physical process has been all but completed. Under the nineteenth-century admonitions of thrift, savings and profitable investment, an abnormal percentage of the national income has been devoted to the construction of railroads, factories and machines, taking with it an abnormal percentage of labor and management. The wayfaring man has kept his belt tightened during the whole epoch, as evidenced by an average family income for nine-tenths of the population which has never exceeded $1,500, and for most years has been less. No promises have been made to him as have been made to his brother in Russia, because very few have ever understood what was really taking place.

Bankers and business men have assumed, without analysis, that the process was to continue indefinitely: that saving was a cardinal requirement and hence a moral virtue; that profitable investment was the inevitable next step for money saved; that plant was to be improved, extended, reconstructed, forever and aye. No thought has been given to the idea of resting for a moment and enjoying the fruits of our labors. Such an eventuality has never entered into financial or technical computations. The devil was after us, and we must not stop; quite terrible things were sure to happen if we did. On being asked *what* things, the typical reaction of the honest citizen is to express amazement, pain and ultimately rage. "What!" he shouts, "would you destroy progress?" This is invariably taken as the climax of the argument, and the extinction of the questioner. There is no more to be said.

In all humility, I would like to say something first place, it seems a pity that the wayfaring man, having built this magnificent plant with a tightened belt for many years, should not have a chance to obtain some good from it. It is true that in 1928 he was beginning to obtain a little, but, taking the nation as a whole, as I sought to show in "Prosperity: Fact or Myth?" the gain was not impressive. In the second place, quite apart from considerations of equity and justice, the sheer fact that no breathing space has ever entered into the calculations is slowly but steadily wrecking the whole economic system, by creating a profound imbalance between producers' goods and consumers' goods. The slackening population curve, headed to a plateau in 1960, promises to make the imbalance worse. Bankers who may care nothing about economic justice are forced to care about imbalance. It is ruining their banks. Neither the wayfaring man nor the owners themselves are getting any good from much of this investment.

In Russia, when enough shoe factories have been built to provide the population with shoes—allowing a moderate overlay for style factors if you choose—factory construction ceases. The labor and skilled management which went into making factories will be transferred—in effect—into making shoes; shifting from the producers' goods sector to the consumers' goods sector of the economic front. The Second Five Year Plan is in large part such a shift.

In the United States, we have at the present time a shoe-factory capacity estimated at some 900,000,000 pairs a year. We buy about 300,000,000 pairs and could hardly wear out 500,000,000 pairs. Yet new shoe factories in normal times are constantly being built. Bankers loan money to their promoters. The "extension" of the shoe business is held to be a cardinal requisite to progress, prosperity, employment. Meanwhile, the existing shoe plant stands on the average two-thirds empty. The resulting appalling burden of overhead costs forces manufacturer after manufacturer into bankruptcy —and always will. We have the plant, but we cannot make adequate use of it. Jam yesterday, jam tomorrow, but never jam today. Men want jobs; people want shoes. But men cannot go to work in these all but empty shoe factories. They can build new shoe factories in a boom, and walk the streets in a slump. In addition to building the physical structure of industry, a favorite practice in recent years has been to devote surplus savings to financing spirited selling campaigns, and to pyramiding the financial structure through mergers,

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To all intents and purposes, our industrial plant is magnificently completed. We have not only the shoe factories, but the blast furnaces, textile mills, office buildings, wheat fields, automobile establishments, printing shops, pulp mills, coal mines, oil wells, what you will, to turn out a stream of consumers' goods sufficient to overwhelm poverty and immeasurably raise the standard of living. Now! In certain fields we have *overbuilt* beyond any reasonable demand; shoes are one example and woolens another. Yet labor and management, supported by bankers and creditors, supported in turn by savings seeking profitable investment, go on rearing the capital structure to the skies. Look at the towers of Manhattan; look at the new mills of North Carolina; look at the new mechanized cotton farms of Texas. Virtually half of the total investment in the United States in recent years is never put to work,[1] while on all of it is snugly laid a blanket of indebtedness carrying a huge volume of fixed charges. The "profitable" investment demands its profit—and rent and interest. But the underlying plant is increasingly incapable of earning a profit because of inadequate utilization.

The nineteenth-century formula has overreached itself; the producers' goods sector is out of all proportion to the consumers' goods sector. Mr. Paul Mazur puts the situation dramatically when he says that producers' goods tend to grow by geometrical ratio, and consumers' goods by arithmetical. Too much of the national income has gone to savings and not enough to current purchasing power. Labor and management must be drawn back into the silent factories to *operate* them. If this means the end of "progress," let it end. To any rational mind it means the end of a spurious illusion, and the beginning of real progress.

A rough analysis of the 1930 Census of Occupations shows 27,000,000 of the 49,000,000 persons gainfully employed providing consumers with goods and services, leaving 22,000,000 engaged in providing producers' goods and services. Probably less than half this number is concerned with "new investment," the majority being concerned with processing and moving raw materials destined ultimately to be consumers' goods. But with all due allowance, the number in the investment sector remains huge. Meanwhile, the 27,000,000, constantly impeded by periods of unemployment, man the factories to half their capacity and do the best they can to supply the needs of 123,000,000 people. Of course, they cannot do enough. An immense shortage of consumers' goods obtains, and always has obtained—particularly when non-essential and adulterated articles are taken into consideration. If the standard of living is genuinely to be raised, their ranks must be augmented by millions of additional workers.

This formula, however, business refuses to consider, nay, has never even thought of. The only formula it knows is that of the nineteenth century: stimulate business by higher prices, promote invention and expansion, build more plants, draw men into capital construction and thus reduce unemployment. Unemployment *is* reduced for a time, but, when the plant is already adequate, no benefit derives in the long run. Imbalance is increased, and a downswing in the business cycle inevitably follows. The pull towards beneficial employment must come from quite another direction; from the empty benches in the finished plant itself.

If we had no money system, but used requisition tickets, all this would be plain as a pikestaff. It would be impossible ever to develop such a paradox. The veil of money tends to obscure the common sense of underlying factors, and a spurious financial common sense arises which makes it clear that capital can be obtained for, and profit made by, crashing into a saturated shoe industry with a little better process, or a little better invention, or a little better racket, than anyone in the field possesses. Mr. X—— crashes in, and Mr. Y—— crashes out. The industry has no more customers, no more turnover, no more employees, than it had before. But it has one new plant more.

We cannot adopt a requisition system without a revolution. We may come to it, but not for a while. We can, however, call more managers and workers to the making of consumers' goods by increasing the purchasing power of the wayfaring consumer. How? By a better distribution of the national income: less for saving (and ownership), more for spending (and labor). Income and inheritance taxes on bloated fortunes provide one method for accomplishing the transfer. Certainly it must be accomplished by some method, or a growing imbalance will finally topple our economy into an abyss. Any workable method, however, must, *ipso facto,* be at right angles to laissez-faire and the dogmas and momentum of the nineteenth century.

The going system is concerned with building, improving, scrapping, redesigning, high financing—anything to obtain profitable investment, at the cost of consuming, and at the cost of the wayfaring man. In addition, technical "progress" presents certain other dangers of almost equal importance. Progress in mechanized warfare, for instance, promises to end all hope of real progress for generations in the next first-class conflict. Industrial progress is fostering technological unemployment at a rate far in excess of our present power to find new work for the men and women displaced. It is, in many industries, manufacturing flesh and blood robots, along with windshield wipers, plumbing fixtures or whatever the gadget may be. The gadget we can spare; the men we cannot. It is nourishing an excessively dreary amount of social standardization and an unwholesome amount of mechanized, second-hand and thoroughly unrewarding recreation. It is creating a fantastic rate of obsolescence.

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edge of practical engineering which will dynamite as many industries, destroying billions of capital, wrecking banks, paralyzing insurance companies, scrapping untold good steel, lumber and cement. This is the progress of the Sabine army: one step forward, two steps backward, march!

Finally, natural resources are being ruthlessly and wastefully exploited under the compulsions of technical progress. Closing one's eyes, one sees a gigantic hopper, engulfing virgin forests, rich soils, coal seams, pools of petroleum, nitrate and phosphate beds, mineral deposits, even the fish of the seas, to spew out, after prodigious labor, billboards, tabloids, canned asparagus, cigar lighters, Tom Thumb golf courses, jerry-built apartment houses, confession magazines, Coney Islands, saxophones, Coral Gables, Romanesque skyscrapers, subways, squeaking radios, paper boots, gents' suitings, the uniforms of Park Avenue doormen, filling-station architecture, brown derbies, white plus-fours for fat men, outboard motors, hot-dog stands. . . . Or open your eyes and look, as you drive, at the rusting skeletons of motor cars, befouling untold miles of American country roads. I would soberly estimate that half of the natural resources torn from the earth in the last hundred years have gone to make that illth, which Ruskin termed the opposite of wealth—junk and litter and waste. This tonnage reduces still further the total, already too small, of useful consumers' goods; this time, however, my concern is with the wasted material. Our children and our grandchildren will have a bitter bill to pay. We are living on our economic capital where other ages have lived on their economic income.

"Progress," my eye. The system called capitalism may need it to keep going, but *we* do not need it. It would be a jolly good thing to declare a moratorium on inventions for at least a decade, and treat all inventors as dangerous lunatics, with proper care and supervision. The quarrel is not with technical improvements as such, but with the rate of introduction. Milk is good for growing babies, but a quart an hour would be disastrous. One of the best hopes for obtaining some real progress in the future is to bottle up technical progress, and feed it out with a measuring cup. The producers' goods sector must be drastically reduced in bulk and activity; the consumers' goods sector must gain, both in tonnage and in commodities of genuine human value. Perhaps this is the biggest job in the agenda of economic planning.

STUART CHASE.

This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Chase. The second will appear in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.

At the Gates of Hindustan

TADJIKISTAN is the section of the Soviet Union which most lucidly and compactly illustrates the basic principles and international implications of the Bolshevik revolution. It is here in the Gissar and Kuliab Valleys and the small villages tucked away in the Pamir Mountains; it is here in the heart of Asia, on the remote borders of Afghanistan and India and China, that communism meets English imperialism in mortal combat and that every success or failure of the Bolsheviki assumes tremendous international importance.

Only fifteen years ago Tadjikistan was not even a geographical concept. Vaguely referred to as eastern Bokhara, this little country the size of Czechoslovakia was known only to a few specialists as a much exploited and barbarously ruled colony of the Bokhara Emirs, who themselves were the vassals of the Russian Tsars. And though the February, 1917, revolution did free Bokhara, including its eastern section, from the rule of the Tsars, it was not before March 5, 1920, that the local revolutionists, aided by the Red army under the leadership of Frunze, succeeded in overthrowing the last Emir and in establishing the Bokhara Peoples' Soviet Republic. The establishment of the Republic was followed by a destructive civil war national self-determination. The first step was made in 1925, when the onetime colony of the Emirs and the Tsars was declared an autonomous Tadjik republic to be included within the Uzbek Socialist Soviet Republic.

This was not all. A few years later, the Central Executive Committee of the U.S.S.R., "unanimously resolved to satisfy the demands of the toilers of Tadjikistan," and by one magnificent gesture elevated this little country on the periphery of the Soviet possessions in Central Asia to the high rank of one of the seven sovereign constituent republics of the U.S.S.R. That is, this tiny bit of territory, with a population of slightly over one million, was given a political status equal to that of the much larger and, from the economic standpoint, infinitely more important, constituent republic of Uzbekistan, Turkmenistan, the Transcaucasus, the Ukraine, White Russia and the R.S.F.S.R., which last-named country is twice as large as all the other republics combined.

At first glance one may be somewhat puzzled by this incongruity. But the thing becomes a little clearer when we recall that Tadjikistan extends along the borders of Afghanistan, India and China; that there are four million Tadjiks in Afghanistan

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China, that in none of those countries do they enjoy national autonomy, and that the Bolsheviks know how to dramatize a situation. For though the old Russian imperialists worked hand in hand with the native ruling minorities represented by the Emir and his Beks, the Reds appeal to the mass of native workers and poor and middle peasants. Their method is not conquest and subjugation, but revolutionary coöperation.

Beginning with their first precarious efforts at organizing a government in Tadjikistan, the Soviet rulers came up against the exceedingly difficult problem of administration. Even under the Emirate there were too few capable native administrators and executives. The revolution further depleted their numbers. Of the few who remained, an infinitesimal minority could be relied on to fit the inchoate will of the masses into the clear purposes of the Bolsheviki. They neither sensed the true pulse of the revolution nor understood the theory and practice of communism. To be sure, there were some Russians available. But if not contrary to Bolshevik principles, the putting of Russians into conspicuous places of authority in Tadjikistan would be highly impolitic. It would expose to misinterpretation the motives of the then predominantly Russian Communists. Accordingly, all the limelight posts were given to representatives of the Tadjik masses sympathetic with the revolution, though to prevent serious deviations a few non-Tadjik Communists were placed in strategic, if unostentatious, positions.

The elevation of natives drawn from the masses to all the important government posts solved a touchy question, and removed a possible source of irritation. The number of Tadjik Communists in the government is mounting steadily. The native officials are known to every Tadjik. Their portraits are found everywhere, in the humblest huts, in the remotest mountain hamlets. Always on the go, they are the contact and publicity men of the Communist party. Their relations with the peasants are direct, immediate. Not infrequently one may find the President of the Tadjik Republic or the Chairman of the People's Commissars (the Premier!) sitting barefoot in front of a hut in a village, picking his toes and listening to the complaints, solicitations and suggestions of the crowd of peasants gathered in a circle around him.

As regards the country's economy, the line followed was that laid down for Tadjikistan by the Soviet Union State Planning Commission:

> A basis must be created for turning Tadjikistan from a purely agrarian into an agrarian-industrial region, a region which would exercise its economic and cultural influence on the adjacent countries in the East and which would fully carry out its part in supplying the Union with cotton. This must be ac-
> [illegible] had on the basis of a reconstructed village econ-

Nine million rubles on the construction of roads —this is what the government spent in 1929. In 1930, the sum was twelve millions; in 1931, the budget was twenty million rubles. Five years ago the government put only a little less than 270,000 rubles into the industries; in 1931 the figures jumped to fourteen millions. In 1925 there were only 4,000 hectares of cotton sown in Tadjikistan; in 1930, there were 130,000 hectares; in 1931, there were about 170,000. In 1929, the government spent about 3,000,000 rubles on irrigation; in 1931 it spent 61,000,000 rubles. Within a few months 30 percent of the cotton and grain lands have been collectivized. In 1929, there was only one dispensary located in Stalinobad. Now Tadjikistan boasts of sixty-one hospitals, thirty-seven dental clinics, 2,125 beds and two hundred doctors.

On the cultural front, things were somewhat more difficult. The hardest nut to crack has been the Moslem religion. Here the Bolsheviki have exercised extraordinary care and patience. One vulnerable spot in the position of the Mosque was ownership of much fertile land coveted by the peasants. Another no less serious weakness was the conflict of interests between the upper and lower clergy: the first, rich, powerful and economically allied with the landowning and official classes; the second, poor, weak and economically more closely connected with the wretched peasant masses. This conflict of interests was taken advantage of by the Bolsheviki. Without attempting direct attacks on the Mosque (central Asia is fanatically religious), the new government proceeded to break the ranks of the reactionary clergy by elevating some *mullahs*, the more amenable ones, at the expense of others, thus starting squabbles, mutual recriminations and enmity among the religious leaders.

The breach was deepened by the land reforms. This economic measure, crystallizing as it did the conflicting class interests in the village, succeeded in smashing the already shaken front of the clergy —the upper clergy siding with the landlords, the lower with the peasants, the government. The village *mullah* knew that opposition to the reform meant the implacable hatred of the land-hungry masses.

Rather than oppose religion and fight the Koran and thus antagonize the masses, the Bolsheviki cleverly utilized the Koran for their own purposes. Thus, when during the land reforms the reactionary upper clergy called upon the faithful to resist the redistribution of land, the Bolsheviki had a group of *mullahs* issue a proclamation in favor of such redistribution. The proclamation was printed in the Bolshevik press and given the widest publicity. It was long and abstruse, quoting innumerable chapters and verses from the Koran and other holy books, and proving beyond the shadow of a doubt that, according to Islam, "the owner of land must himself till his land" and that "if the owner is him-

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Altogether, in the matter of religion and anti-religious propaganda, Bolshevik policy in Tadjikistan has been elastic, adapted to the economic and cultural level of the people, and cognizant of their national and religious peculiarities. When the *mullahs* do not interfere with the Bolsheviki, the Bolsheviki are gentle with the *mullahs*. Not infrequently one can find a village Communist going to the mosque. In Russia, the slightest manifestation of a religious propensity on the part of a Communist results in immediate expulsion from the party. In Tadjikistan such peccadillos are overlooked. So long as one is actively on the side of the workers and peasants, one is eligible to membership in the party. In Russia atheism is an absolute prerequisite for party membership. In Tadjikistan atheism is usually a consequence of party membership. Also, though polygamy is against the Soviet law, one occasionally meets a Tadjik Communist who is the apologetic possessor of three wives ("I had them before I joined the party; it would be heartless to dispose of them now").

Another question that required keen judgment and perspicacity was that of the Tadjik woman. In no Moslem section of the world is the woman so enslaved as in the valleys of central Asia. A ghastly token of her degradation here is the thick, stiff, black and horribly ugly *paranja* (horsehair net) hanging over her face. For a Tadjik woman to expose her face, her arm, her hand, even her finger, is as shockingly indecent as for a Western woman to exhibit the most private parts of her body. When gliding ghostlike through the narrow, winding streets, a woman must not stop, nor cough, nor linger. She is seldom permitted to leave her quarters. A deep and all-pervading shame is instilled in her from the earliest childhood. "When I first went out into the street without a *paranja,*" a Tadjik woman who was a Communist and a member of the Khodjent Soviet once told me, "it was rather dark and there wasn't a soul around, yet I felt as if every stone and house and tree pointed at me, jeered at me. I stumbled back into the house and swooned."

The mighty ramparts which vested economic interest and religion have built around this custom have given rise to well nigh insurmountable psychological barriers. They have, for example, so conditioned man's psychology in central Asia as to make it impossible for him to react to an unveiled native woman in a manner that we should consider normal. This holds true even of sincere, intellectually emancipated and principled native Communists. As a result we have a vicious psychological circle. It is generally the adventurous, daring and rather good-looking woman who flings aside her *paranja*. She mingles freely among men without being emotionally prepared to ward off their equivocal remarks and persistent advances. Whenever she is among men, the atmosphere becomes charged, passion, jealous[illegible]

than is the case among European men and women.

Often the first woman in a village to unveil determines the whole course of woman's emanicipation in that locality. If she is too weak, she compromises not only the idea of woman's emancipation but also every other social or economic or educational reform sponsored by the Communists. She plays into the hands of the counter-revolutionary elements, who generalize her individual failing into an ineluctable consequence of yielding to Bolshevik influence. "The Bolsheviki are turning our women into harlots," they whisper. Thus hasty unveilings at times work irreparable harm to the Communist cause. Small wonder the Bolsheviki have learned to watch their step. Unless they are sure that the woman has enough character and intelligence to assume the responsibilities of a pioneer, they actually go to the length of discouraging her, relying more on the efficacy of Fabian tactics.

By opening silk and textile factories, by opening cotton-ginning mills, by paying more than a woman could possibly earn in her primitive home crafts, by organizing relatively good kitchens and nurseries and dispensaries in the factories, the Bolsheviki lure the woman out of her seclusion, gradually, but irretrievably. The man's objections and jealous fears subside, too, when he discovers that his wife's earnings add considerably to his family income. Also, by encouraging collectivization of agriculture, the Bolshevik enhances the process of woman's emancipation. In a collective farm each individual who works gets paid according to a specified norm. Equal work brings equal pay. The wife of a farmer in a collective knows exactly the extent of her contribution to the family purse; she can leave her husband and still remain a member of the collective, economically as secure as when she lived with him.

To draw the woman out of her seclusion, the Communist organizes special clubs for her, where she is introduced to the mysteries of a Singer sewing machine, where she can "liquidate her illiteracy," where she is instructed in the elements of sanitation and hygiene, where she is stimulated to learn something of the economic and political aims of the Bolsheviki, where she can gossip, dance, listen to the radio or sing.

Next to economic reconstruction, the deadliest Bolshevik weapon in the struggle against the blight of reaction and bigotry in Tadjikistan has been, of course, modern secular education. The gigantic strides in education here have been mainly due to the sudden and unparalleled demand for educated Tadjiks created by the unusually rapid Tadjikization of the government apparatus, and by the rapid development of modern industry and modern collectivized agriculture. A literate Tadjik is at a premium. Nowhere in the Soviet Union have I observed such an overpowering thirst for knowledge. No wonder the few old Moslem schools, where for years the children were made to con the Koran, and where no secular subjects of any kind

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this despite the fact that the Soviet law prohibiting public religious instruction was not being enforced here as rigidly as in Russia.

The demand for modern schools is tremendous. The local papers are full of discussions of the school problem. Here is a quotation from a characteristic editorial:

> One hundred and two elementary schools, eight kindergartens, several pedagogical technicums, a number of schools for the workers' children at Santo and Shurab, five libraries and reading rooms, five Red tearooms—this was our plan for the coming season, this, we hoped would serve as a basis for the unfolding of our vast cultural and pedagogical work, in conformity with the general plan for a cultural revolution, in the various districts of our Republic. . . .
>
> What was sufficient yesterday is utterly inadequate today. Everywhere there is a shortage of schools. We cannot accommodate all those who wish to study. The existing schools are crowded, and therefore not very efficient. The slogan "Liquidate Illiteracy within the Next Two Years" has been taken up by the masses and is being carried into life.

Small wonder so much has been accomplished in the field of education. In 1925 there were only six modern schools in Tadjikistan. Toward the end of 1926 there were 113 schools with 2,300 students; in 1929—500 schools; in 1931, over 2,000 educational institutions with over 120,000 students! The school budget for 1929-30 was eight million rubles. The budget for 1930-31 was twenty-eight million rubles.

The psychological effect of this "turbulent economic and industrial" and cultural growth has been profound. Imagine the pride of a formerly exploited colonial people when they beheld their tiny and indigent country on a parity with the once mighty, predatory and despotic Great Russia, when they beheld their own Presidents and Vice Presidents and Commissars and judges and militiamen, when they found themselves voters, and members, and chairmen of local and regional Soviets. Whatever the objective truth, to the average Tadjik this is a very real thing—it has straightened his back, made firmer his gait, energized his speech. Moreover, seeing roads, tractors, Ford trucks, excavators, airplanes, modern factories, hydro-electric stations and radios introduced, albeit inadequately, within seven years of peaceful construction, appears to the bewildered natives little less than miraculous.

It was my good fortune to see at Sarai Komar, the center for the development of Egyptian cotton in Tadjikistan, a delegation of Afghans who came from across the Pianj to ask the local Soviet authorities to help them organize a collective farm.

"But you are not Soviet citizens," protested the smiling Tadjik official. "Your country is Afghanistan. We can't come there and organize collective farms."

"Why not?" answered the naive Afghans. "You

The thing appeared quite simple to the applicants —come with your army and organize collective farms.

"It's too long to explain," dodged the official. "But why not get together your belongings and come to us. We'll organize you in a *kolkhoz* all right. We'll settle you on good land and give you credits. Remember, we can use here in Tadjikistan another one and a half million willing workers. Just go back and think it over."

Disappointed, the Afghans left. I do not know whether these particular ones ever came back. I do know, however, of a few collective farms in Tadjikistan organized by Afghan immigrants.

The possible success of Soviet Tadjikistan in revolutionizing the East has stirred the implacable hatred of the imperialists, the expropriated landlords, the former Beks, the wealthy *mullahs*. This explains the outburst of civil war in the spring of 1931, during the height of the collectivization and cotton campaign in Tadjikistan.

Headed by Ibrahim Bek, the most gifted and authoritative, though illiterate, leader of counter-revolution in central Asia, an army of 1,500 *kulaks*, who had fled the country in 1925, came back from Afghanistan for the purpose of disrupting the collectivization campaign in Tadjikistan. The *kulaks* were excellently equipped with what the Soviet officials claimed were English arms. Ibrahim's plan was to have his army serve as a nucleus for all the dissident elements in Tadjikistan, and perhaps through the whole of central Asia. In his appeal, which was addressed to the "faithful of the whole world," Ibrahim maintained that the Bolsheviki "have dishonored our women, turned them into prostitutes, infected our entire population with syphilis and gonorrhea," that they "have robbed the thrifty and industrious," are "intending to liquidate the mosques and prayer houses and put up their own clubs and schools," are introducing "burial of peasants without religious rites," are "robbing you of your wives for whom you paid as high as 1,000 rubles," and are "training the youth in the spirit of Lenin the apostate." The concluding paragraph of the appeal read:

> In view of all this, the League of Nations Conference which met in Berlin on February 8, 1928, in the presence of emigré representatives of Russian Turkestan, and the League of Nations Congress of December, 1929, in the presence of representatives from America, France, China, Germany, Persia, Turkey, Italy, Afghanistan, Poland, have decided, on the basis of representations made by the emigrés from Russian Turkestan and in accordance with the political information supplied by Trotsky and Zinoviev, to liquidate party rule in Russia and Bokhara and to create a monarchical form of government instead. At present His Highness Emir Alim Khan authorized and ordered the following: "I, Alim Khan, am the representative of the above-mentioned countries. We are ready to bring sufficient armies, military equipment

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> Thou, Ibrahim Bek, must precede me into the Bokhara territory and urge the Red army, the militia, the workers' and peasants' voluntary detachments, to use their available arms in our behalf. When I shall arrive there, I shall show mercy to everyone, I shall declare a universal amnesty. Our aim is clear. Oppressed peasants, we are entering into a struggle to free you from the Bolshevik yoke!"

The invasion turned out a fizzle. Very few peasants came to Ibrahim's support. The overwhelming majority of the Tadjik population went out into the mountains to hunt after Ibrahim and his troops. Ibrahim's army was completely wiped out and Ibrahim himself taken captive. The last hope of the anti-Soviet elements went to smash. Neither the rate of collectivization nor the progress of cotton sowing was seriously affected by this military interlude. The most dangerous and uncompromising leader of counter-revolution in central Asia was put behind Soviet bars. And in July of last year over 60 percent of the cotton plantations were collectivized.

JOSHUA KUNITZ.

Hoover in Excelsis

THE CHICAGO STADIUM, where the Republican Convention is held, is on West Madison Street, which for several blocks is the traditional Rialto of the jobless. Any day, winter or summer, the itinerant workers make a thin fringe along the sidewalks or congregate in groups before the boards of employment offices, dissolving and coagulating like colonies of purposeless ants. With the present increment of unemployment the street is densely populated, a sluggish backwater of misery. Do the delegates, as they pass by on surface cars or in taxicabs, note the contrast between their own sleek selves and the gaunt specters who gaze on them apathetically? The words of Disraeli, written nearly a hundred years ago about the "two nations" governed by his country's monarch, come back with intensified emphasis:

> Two nations; between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts and feelings, as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets; who are formed by a different breeding, are fed by a different food, are ordered by different manners, and are not governed by the same laws . . . the Rich and the Poor.

The delegates, of course, have not been assembled to take thought of the condition of the country, or any thought whatever. They are herded into the vast arena to celebrate the achievements of Herbert Hoover, and to adopt the platform which he and his advisers think can be made to mean most to the greatest number of electors and as little as possible to themselves. The convention is called to order by Senator Simeon Fess whose scrannel pipe is built up by amplifiers into something rich and strange. He reminds the audience that it is Flag Day, and a pretty tableau is staged by a procession of banners to the high altar, with a bugle call and a song, "Our President," sung in heartfelt manner by a glee club. Senator Dickinson as temporary chairman sounds forth his keynote, a pæan the Hawley Tariff Act. There is something oddly stereotyped about it; it sounds like a string of handouts from the White House during the last three years. The Convention listens without enthusiasm to its master's voice, but the circumscribing audience melts fast, and growing streams flow from the human glacier by many exits. The radio has killed public oratory by giving the listener a sense of mastery. He can cut it off at will. The difference between a speech brought by ether waves over hundreds of miles from an unseen speaker and one brought by amplifiers over hundreds of yards from a speaker barely visible, is not essential. In the one case, you cut him off; in the other, you walk out on him. The officious Fess rises, and pushes the chairman aside while he tells the audience to mind its manners. The chairman continues on his way and the audience on theirs. Outside, a few blocks from the Stadium, the Communists are holding forth with at least a certain realism in the discussion of actual conditions. Their meeting is not much of a success, their chairman having been arrested the night before by Mr. Hoover's Department of Labor, and held for deportation.

From the beginning the Convention had only one question on its mind. It was enveloped in an atmosphere of high humidity which occasionally broke down in showers. The Governor of Iowa approaching the Resolutions Committee with a plank for farmers' relief was heard to exclaim, "I've been here two days and I've heard of nothing but booze." Both the Wets and the Drys put on pre-convention stunts. On the evening before the Convention, a Wet parade of automobiles, many of them delivery wagons of Pabst and other brewers, found its Mecca at the Coliseum, where seven or eight thousand people had assembled. It was amusing to see the effort to recapture some of the evangelical fervor of 1912, and present booze in the unaccustomed role of a religion. The keynoter here was a clergyman who threw his remarks into the form of a prayer which he read from a little

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accomplished exactly the opposite of what they intended, and invited His support to the great Wet movement in behalf of temperance and sobriety. He particularly asked God "to save us from a leadership that refuses to speak frankly on this great question." The audience, which had forgotten to Whom he was speaking, received his petition with applause. They did not think much of a fair-haired boy in full evening dress who had been told by some joker that he was chairman; and after listening to Nicholas Murray Butler, the Grand Old Wet, they walked out on Matthew Woll, *et al.* Judging from this fiasco and from the conversation of the delegates, one would gather that the Wets are rather overplaying their hand.

During the two days while the Committee on Resolutions was putting the platform together, and fooling a lot of people by pretending to listen to planks which it had no idea of accepting, the proposed sections on the Eighteenth Amendment were becoming known and being generally discussed. One was the Hoover draft which counsels resubmission and substitution of an amendment with safeguards against the return of the saloon; the other, the minority report which declares for outright repeal. Efforts at compromise delayed the reading of the resolutions until nearly eleven in the evening of the second day. The high spot of the Convention was reached when Mr. James R. Garfield read the administration plank, followed promptly by Senator Hiram Bingham with the minority substitute. Bingham had been well rehearsed during the debates of the committee, and in his opening speech he cut most of the ground from under his opponents' feet. Garfield let the audience get under his guard by a series of amazing ineptitudes. When he asserted solemnly that it was the purpose of the majority to prevent the return of conditions "of which our younger people know nothing," the galleries booed and guyed him, an outburst which was repeated when he declared that "the liquor dealers formerly controlled politics as the bootleggers do today." President Butler made the strongest point for the minority in declaring that the question was not one of liquor but of government; the majority plank would leave the way open for the continuation of federal control. Secretary Ogden Mills made a surprisingly frank plea for the majority in urging that his version was drawn to maintain the solidarity of the Republican party. Undoubtedly in the present degradation of politics every government regards its own perpetuation in office as a consideration outweighing every other. The majority plank is primarily a vote-catching device. The Chicago Tribune is perfectly right in calling it "the product of political cowardice and hypocrisy . . . a declaration of political bankruptcy." Yet the delegates expressed their own inclination as modified Drys, and the leanings of their constituencies when they voted down the arguments of the Wets by 681 to 472. This may prove to be not only in the subsequent campaign against the Amendment. The promise of continued federal interference may serve to carry the last Dry ditch of thirteen small states, which would probably reject a straight proposal of repeal. In any case, Mr. Hoover may rest assured that the final decision is as remote as that with respect to the World Court.

A few untoward incidents marred the proceedings. On the second day the band played "The Sidewalks of New York," and in the midst of the stage-managed demonstration over Mr. Hoover's nomination the organ burst into "Onward Christian Soldiers." Another occurred when, after being placed in nomination by a gentleman named Sandblast, ex-Senator France approached the rostrum with the intention of withdrawing his name and nominating Coolidge. Chairman Snell ordered the sergeant-at-arms and the Chicago police to remove him, which they did, forcibly. Mr. France, although somewhat manhandled, fortunately escaped without the customary formality of being beaten up.

In more than one sense this was a thoroughly reactionary convention. The speeches of Senator Dickinson and Congressman Snell, as temporary and permanent chairman, contained only stale political hokum. The long platform followed the old practice of saying as much and meaning as little as possible, in pious platitudes many of which are flatly contradicted by the record of the party. The chief argument offered on all occasions was abuse of the Democrats. All this suggested a counsel of despair. Any thought about the administration would have been fatal; the only possible policy was to go the whole hog. There were the usual galvanized antics in honor of a presidential candidate whom the politically wise would dump if they could. Only a few delegates participated in the demonstration, and they looked exceptionally silly under the glacial glare of the galleries. Comic relief was afforded by the contest for Vice President, enlivened on this occasion by the antics of Dolly Gann in behalf of old Charlie Curtis, and the waggish mention of such preposterous personalities as Governor Fuller and Hanford MacNider. Altogether, one felt back in the good old days of the eighteen-eighties—with this difference. In those days the country could afford to enjoy a big political sporting event every four years. Today such a circus is an insult to men and women who are suffering humiliation and starvation, and to others who are trying disinterestedly to cope with worldwide evils of which political government has been largely the instrument. In our present circumstances the fanfare of the Convention, with its keynote speeches, its resolutions, its factitious enthusiasms, is an anachronism as incongruous as would be the torchlight, log-cabin and Mother Hubbard parades which were its former accompaniments. If one is seeking evidence of the capacity of the American people to act politically with intelligence, one must look elsewhere than to the Republican conclave at Chicago.

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Washington and Chicago

I: The Veterans Come Home to Roost

HOME, boys, home, it's home we want to be," we sang in all the demobilization camps. This was God's country. And we ran for the train with the flags waving and a new army outfit on and our discharge papers and the crisp bills of our last pay in our pockets. The world was safe for democracy and America was the land of opportunity.

They signed you up in the American Legion and jollied you into voting for Harding and the G.O.P. Beaucoup parades, beaucoup speeches, run the slackers and the pacifists and the knockers out of the country, lynch them Wobblies, tell the Reds to go back where they came from. The G.O.P. took care of the Civil War vets and the Spanish War vets, didn't it? Well, it'll take care of youse boys.

You went to work if you could get a job; some kinds of jobs you made big money on, on others the bosses gypped you, but anyway you could eat, you could save up a little, get married, start payments on a home; boom times ahead.

When things slackened and you began to look a little democratic around the gills, they handed you the bonus. The G.O.P. and the nation are behind youse boys. Well, we got some of it and we spent it and we didn't reckon on cyclic depression No. 8b. And now look at us.

A bunch of out-of-work ex-service men in Portland, Oregon, figured they needed their bonus now; 1945 would be too late, only buy wreaths for their tombstones. They figured out, too, that the bonus paid now would tend to liven up business, particularly the retail business in small towns; might be just enough to tide them over till things picked up. Anyway, everybody else was getting a bonus; the moratorium was a bonus to European nations, the R. F. C. was handing out bonuses to railroads and banks, how about the men who'd made the world safe for democracy getting their bonus, too? God knows we're the guys that need it worst. Every other interest has got lobbyists in Washington. It's up to us to go to Washington and be our own lobbyists. Park benches can't be any harder in Washington than they are back home.

So three hundred of them started east in old cars and trucks, hitchhiking, riding on freight trains. (Maybe the words "direct action" still hovered in the air of the Pacific slope, left over from the days of the Wobblies.) By the time they reached Council Bluffs they found that other groups all over the country were rebelling against their veterans' organizations and getting the same idea. It was an army. They organized it [illegible] it the B. E. F. (Bonus Expeditionary Force.)

Now they are camped on Anacostia Flats in the southeast corner of Washington. Nearly twenty thousand of them altogether. Everywhere you meet new ragged troops straggling in. A few have gone home discouraged, but very few. Anacostia Flats is the recruiting center; from there they are sent to new camps scattered around the outskirts of Washington. Anacostia Flats is the ghost of an army camp from the days of the big parade, with its bugle calls, its mess lines, greasy K.P.'s, M.P.'s, headquarters, liaison officers, a medical officer. Instead of the tents and the long tarpaper barracks of those days, the men are sleeping in little lean-tos built out of old newspapers, cardboard boxes, packing crates, bits of tin or tarpaper roofing, every kind of cockeyed makeshift shelter from the rain scraped together out of the city dump.

The doughboys have changed, too, as well as their uniforms and their housing, in these fifteen years. There's the same goulash of faces and dialects, foreigners' pidgin English, lingoes from industrial towns and farming towns, East, Northeast, Middle West, Southwest, South; but we were all youngsters then; now we are getting on into middle life, sunken eyes, hollow cheeks off breadlines, pale-looking knotted hands of men who've worked hard with them, and then for a long time have not worked. In these men's faces, as in Pharaoh's dream, the lean years have eaten up the fat years already.

General Glassford, as in the case of the communist hunger march, has played the perfect host; his entertainment committee of motorcycle cops has furnished iodine and CC pills, helped lay out the camps, given advice on digging latrines (the men call them Hoover Villas), and recently set out some tents and bedding. One of the strangest sights Pennsylvania Avenue has ever seen was a long line of ex-service men, hunched under their bedticking full of straw, filing up a long iron stairway in the middle of a partly demolished four-story garage that the police department turned over to them. The cops and the ex-service men play baseball games in the afternoon; they are buddies together.

In the middle of the Anacostia camp is a big platform with a wooden object sticking up from one corner that looks like an old-fashioned gallows. Speaking goes on from this platform all morning and all afternoon. The day I saw it, there were a couple of members of the bonus army's congressional committee on the platform, a Negro in an overseas cap and a tall red Indian in buckskin and

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white men and Negroes, is packed in among the tents and shelters. A tall scrawny man with deeply sunken cheeks is talking. He's trying to talk about the bonus, but he can't stick to it; before he knows it he's talking about the general economic situation of the country:

"Here's a plant that can turn out everything every man, woman and child in this country needs, from potatoes to washing machines, and it's broken down because it can't give the fellow who does the work enough money to buy what he needs with. Give us the money and we'll buy their bread and their corn and beans and their electric iceboxes and their washing machines and their radios. We ain't holdin' out on 'em because we don't want those things. Can't get a job to make enough money to buy 'em, that's all."

When he was through speaking a congressman was hoisted up on the platform, a stout representative from Connecticut with that special politician's profile that's as definite in its way as the standardized face of a dick. He announced that the bonus bill had passed the House and that he was the only congressman from Connecticut that had voted for it. Everybody cheered. He added that he thought it would pass the Senate, but he doubted if the Lord Himself knew what the distinguished gentleman in the White House was going to do about it.

"Now I'm not a Red, God damn it," said somebody near me, "but. . . . "

That seemed to be in the mind of everybody I talked to around the camps. They weren't Reds, but. . . . No, they weren't there for the unemployed generally. Their position as ex-service men was special. The bonus was due them and they wanted it now. Then they'd switch and start to talking about how a system that allowed things to get into such shape, damn well needed changing. *Where do we go from here, boys; where do we go from here?* The tall hollow-cheeked man who made the speech had a program, it turned out when I talked to him afterward; General Smedley Butler's program. Another fellow, one of the men from Oregon who'd organized the army, said he'd vote the Socialist ticket if he didn't think it 'ud be throwing away his vote. *Where do we go from here, boys?* Like a hundred million other Americans, the men of the B. E. F. don't know where they're going, but pressed by worry and hunger and humiliation, they're moving.

The arrival of the bonus army seems to be the first event to give the inhabitants of Washington any inkling that something is happening in the world outside of their drowsy sun parlor. Maybe it's the federal pay cuts that have made them take notice. In the Anacostia street car two mail carriers and the conductor started to talk about it. "Well, they say they'll stay here till they get the bonus if they have to stay here till 1945 . . . I guess they ought to get it all right, but how'll that help all the others out of work? . . . Terrible to think of men, women and children starvin' and havin' to beg charity relief with all the stuff there is goin' to waste in this country. Why up home. . . . " Then began the stock conversation of this year 1932 about farmers not shipping apples, cabbage, potatoes, because they couldn't get any price, about loads of fresh fish dumped overboard, trainloads of milk poured out and babies crying for it. One of the mail carriers was from Texas and had just come back from a trip home. He'd seen them plowing under last year's unharvested cotton. "We got the food, we got the clothing, we got the man power, we got the brains," he said. "There must be some remedy."

If the B. E. F. fails, it'll be because they've asked too little, not because they've asked too much.

Washington, D. C. JOHN DOS PASSOS.

II: Spotlights and Microphones

SITTING up in the gallery at the Chicago Stadium behind a battery of the Rosslite superspots. As the sweating electricians move around behind them, the black monsters (with the name of R. J. Duggan painted on their backsides) shake a little like huge bellflowers on their delicate steel stems. Below bubbles a violet mass of delegates marked with white tickets like fruit in a pushcart. It's all rumble and chaos like Barnum and Bailey's after the Wild West show. The faces in the galleries shine blue in the smoke-filtered daylight that streams in through the windows out of the clear sky outside. From somewhere comes a tapping like the noise trained sea-lions make tapping with their flippers on their circus stands. Bells ring under the spots. Suddenly you discover that the battery next along the gallery has invented a little comic figure on a platform that's b[illegible] puppet that represents Mr. Snell looks a little like a sea-lion waiting to do an act. The puppet balances on its nose an enormous smooth voice that politely asks everybody to rise and sing "America." Three bells. My spots and all the rest spring to attention. The center lights reveal a huge Old Glory hanging in the middle of all the other little Old Glories in the ceiling. The wailing begins to die. "Dim out," yells the guy at the phone to the guy at the switchboard. Out of the blue haze the spots dextrously produce a little beaked figure in black. "It's a rabbi 'n he's goin' to pray," says somebody behind me. Full lights on invocation to Almighty God, then dim out on brief mention of "these dark days of confusion and despair." Cautiously the spots come on again as the rabbi lets a note of hope creep into th[illegible]

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dence in the future"; full lights come up everywhere.

The show goes on smoothly. In the speeches the Ship of State reels and shudders through such a hurricane of metaphors and is buffeted by such waves of stale oratory that the captain, at the helm, on the bridge, in the pilot house (who's getting it all over the radio at the White House) must be feeling a bit seasick. At one place only the wires get crossed for a few seconds, when the fat marionette of ex-Senator France appears on one side of the rostrum waving its little arms and attempting (as it turns out later) to nominate for President that sturdy rotogravure fisherman and columnist, Calvin Coolidge. We didn't get a chance to see what the spotlights would have done if they'd had to extemporize, because the offending marionette was immediately dragged off by the stagehands and the show continued according to the script.

The only other hitch occurred during the spontaneous celebration that took place when Mr. Scott, lifting himself hand over hand up an astonishingly long ladder of "becauses," reached the exalted name of Herbert Hoover. The delegates marched around all right, and the tin trumpets tooted and the little flags waved, and the toy balloons that had been coyly hiding in big nets in the ceiling all through the convention were released and floated down to give the delegates something to do with their hands. The ushers threw paper streamers from the galleries and the bands played, and the organ pealed forth "I've been workin' on the railroad," but the grand climax, when His Master's Voice poured out of the loudspeakers and a moving picture of the rotund features of the Great Engineer flicked vaguely on two huge screens, was a flop, owing to bad lighting and stage management. The Presence failed to materialize.

Kidding aside, we do not appreciate yet how enormously the whole technique and machinery of politics has been changed by the mechanics of communication. The architecture of stadiums, kleig lights, radio and the imminent danger of fairly perfected television are as important a factor in future political life as committees, votes, resolutions, theories, vested interests. Even in this Republican Convention show, which was admitted by everybody to be the inept revival of a popular success of fifty years ago, a couple of things happened to prove the powers of the technicians who tune the loudspeakers and handle the lights.

During the long and dreary reading of the Republican platform Mr. Garfield's voice became murkier and murkier, but when he reached the prohibition plank something miraculous took place in the loudspeakers so that it rang through the huge hall loud and clear. This certainly didn't represent the desires of the Republican party leaders or of Mr. Garfield himself; their aim was to get that odd piece of carpenter work through as quickly and quietly as possible. Whoever was handling the mikes evidently had an interest in this plank; then, too, the "great radio audience" was [illegible]

booing and backtalk of the galleries; this certainly would not have happened if the galleries had been calling for unemployment relief or cheering for William Z. Foster. There were Wets at work somewhere along the line.

Democratic government under these conditions is an entirely different problem from what it was in the old town-meeting days. Yet the ideas and phrases of no party show any sign yet of catching up to the technique at their command. Perhaps the first group to master our magnificent resources for provoking and controlling mass action will be the first group to evolve a competent theory to deal with industrialized America.

Meanwhile history, or the mass mind, or whatever you want to call the solution of forces and urges and hindrances we live our lives in, is becoming more and more involved with the apparatus of spotlights, radio, talking pictures, newsprint, so that the image-making faculty, instead of being the concern of the individual mind, is becoming a social business. The control of radio waves is externalizing thought and feeling to a hair-raising degree. A man in his shirt-sleeves handling a battery of spots can give the effect of a great wave of mass emotion in a convention hall. The possibilities of control of the mass are terrifying. Who's going to be man enough to stand at the switchboard?

Chicago. J. D. P.

A Comedy in Three Aches

ELMER DURKIN was one of the few persons who derived entertainment from the big show in Chicago. The newsdealer's round, ruddy face was a picture of innocent merriment when the convention adjourned.

"When you hear thousands of goofs," he told Chester A. Donner, "making big whoopee over a candidate they wish they could can and a second fiddler they tried to junk and a prohibition plank nobody understands, you are entitled to a guffaw."

"It sounds pretty dull to me—what I heard on the radio," said the reliable druggist.

"That's their weakness," Elmer admitted. "Those babies do their heavy gouging and biting in private. All the fisticuffs are pulled in hotel rooms and the losers are dragged out by the help. On the floor of the convention the works run slick in banana oil. It's all framed by experienced cutters and driers. The Hoover ballyhoos were timed and spaced; a cheer on the first day, a swell demonstration on the second and a grand and glorious hullabaloo on the third. My statistics show that 87.3 percent of the yellegates in the big parades were wishing they could pick somebody to run who didn't have flat feet."

"Why couldn't they?" Mr. Donner wanted to know.

"That's an old G.O.P. custom, Chet. Never ad-

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girls swallowed their dose of Herbert like little soldiers and nobody made a snoot.

"From what I hear Chicago acted pretty icy toward this show. The Stadium was no sellout. Tickets went into the cut-rate joints long before curtain time and I guess the specs were stuck with the cardboards. Many a sockfest between a couple of palookas draws a better gate.

"Even Dickinson got by without any fatalities. Nobody served any raspberries or pineapples. Maybe they had a sign up, 'Don't shoot the keynoter, he's doing the best he can.' Did you get a load of him? Boy! he sure blew some sour ones. That place where he said our hero saw the slump coming long before anybody else was jerry and got set to stop it—nothing as rough as that has been pulled in Chi since they clapped Scarface Al in the hoosegow.

"He took up Hoover's flops one by one and alibied them off. He gave Herbie a great hand for shoveling millions into public works, then bawled the opposish out for wanting to squander jack on pork. He kicked the Democrats out of the union and Bert Snell came along the next day and bounced them out of the solar system.

"Neither of these good old party hacks spilled any info about how the G.O.P. was going to pull us out of this jam or mentioned war debts, the bonus, unemployment relief or prohibition. They sidestepped all the tough ones. They couldn't even remember the name of the little guy that lived in the White House just before the Wonder Boy blew in. Don't tell me an elephant never forgets. Maybe the Hoover pay-rollers who ran the show were afraid C. C. would get a bigger hand than the Peerless One.

"Perhaps the acts in this hammy drama listened sour, but the intermissions were swell. I think this is an elegant picture, Chet—hundreds of delegates parked in nice cool speaks waiting for somebody to make up their minds how to hang the kayo on the rum fiend. And when the plank finally came out of the irresolutions committee, what have you? A mess of resubmission and revision with a pinch of law enforcement and a dash of repeal. It starts to pass the buck back to the states, then changes its mind. It's as muddled a job of straddling and sidestepping as ever came out of a great, orderly engineering mind, and that's no faint praise. They let the repealers peal for a couple of hours and then turned off the gas.

"I guess the Chief figured we'd need a couple of years to dope what this proposish is all about and then he'd be out of harm's way. Maybe it was slick politics, but I can't see where. The old boy had to chuck in his complete set of rubber stamps from Dixie and he steamrollered all the population from St. Louis to Boston. If he can't mop up most of this Wet sector come November, he might as well learn to warble the theme song, 'California, here I come.'"

"Sure. Quite a number of our best people thought the ticket should get its face lifted this year. It does cramp a party's style some when the set-up is weak at both ends. But nothing came of this hunch. Dawes didn't care for a buggy ride and the Chief wouldn't yes anybody else. It was a pretty crummy lot, at that. It got so bad that grown-up men were voting for Fuller. So the convention said 'we'll play these' and called it a day."

"I think you were a sap to buy a new set of tubes for that bum show."

"Not so, Chester. They'll come in handy for the real thing at the end of the month." Elmer's face beamed in anticipation of this happy event. "The next one is going to be the McCoy."

FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

Hoover's Hand at the Convention—The Dry Plank—Will the Democrats Go Wetter? —The Smith-Roosevelt Bout

IN THIS interim between the two national conventions, the politicians, big, little and middle-weight, are simultaneously looking in two directions—one back toward what the Republicans did in Chicago: the other, forward toward what the Democrats will do. So absorbed are they in this occupation that it seems impossible for those left in Washington to keep their so-called minds concentrated upon the business still before this session of Congress, which is rushing on to its long delayed end in a dismal state of dismayed partisanship.

As to Chicago, so far as the Republicans are concerned the expected happened and the administration program went through without any really formidable challenge on any detail. Why shouldn't it? I do not recall a convention in which the sheer weight of the federal forces was imposed so boldly and with so little concealment. Of the 1,154 delegates who constituted the Convention, more than four hundred were federal office holders. In addition there were six members of the Hoover Cabinet on hand from start to finish, and a small army of assistant secretaries, department heads and bureau chiefs supposedly with party influence in the sections from which they come.

It was a grim affair without color, enthusiasm, spontaneity or freedom of thought. It was a dominated, controlled, directed and suppressed gathering fully aware that its ticket enters the campaign under heavy handicaps and that its real chance for success depends upon the hoped-for mistakes of the other party which meets next week.

The renomination of the Kansan running-mate by a Convention which had plainly shown its extreme distaste for him through the exercise of the full administration strength is one of the things that weighs heaviest upon the minds of the friends of Mr. Hoover now the thing is over. The dreadful political liability involved in the vice-presidential candidacy of this aged Old Guard politician at such a time is too clear to ignore and the regret over the lost opportunity to strengthen the ticket seems deep and gen-

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As to the prohibition plank, the Republican game can be briefly stated. The verbiage and tone were intentionally designed to placate the Drys and infuriate the extreme Wets. The same purpose lay behind the long speeches of the astute Mills and the judicial Mr. Stimson. The idea is that if in the first part of the campaign the concern of the Republican party to "protect" the Dry states and retain in the federal government its power to "conserve the gains already made" is stressed, there will be ample time for the Wet Republicans to realize that the plank itself is the shortest and most effective way to obtain the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the return of legalized liquor.

Despite the cloudy English in which it is couched, the plan itself is ingenious and clever and the Democrats will find it hard to better. The forces of unconditional repeal will, of course, now be concentrated entirely upon the Democratic gathering and the effort made there to force through a plank along the Butler lines will be a powerful and determined one. Of its success, however, I have considerable doubt.

The only way in which the Democrats can go beyond the Republicans is to declare for unconditional repeal. When they do that, they not only create trouble in several Southern states, but they give the Republicans the opportunity to charge that it is an impractical plank, offering an amendment which will not be ratified in twenty years.

The thing that should be interesting in the Democratic Convention in dealing with prohibition is the contrast between the conditions that will prevail there and those in the Republican Convention. In the latter it was the delegates and the state leaders who were strong for repeal and the managers who fought to hold them down and keep from going to the extreme Wet side.

With the Democrats, however, things are pretty well reversed. Practically every conspicuous Democrat in the Convention and nearly all the available presidential candidates are on record for straight-out repeal. But the delegations from the South and West will not want that. It will not suit the "local situations" so dear to the heart of the state leaders and they will fight like wild men to keep it from being put over on them. Still, it may be. The strength and volume of this Wet tide have increased amazingly within the past few weeks and it is conceivable that it may sweep everything before it.

Exactly who inspired the prohibition statement of Mr. Rockefeller seems still to be a mystery, though I have heard some pretty shrewd guesses. However, there seems no secret at all that the White House was the inspiration for the following statements from Dr. Mott and Dr. Poling. Then came the defeat of Ruth Bryan Owen by a Wet in the Florida primaries, the defeat of Senator Morrison by a Wet in North Carolina and the almost simultaneous declaration of the Indiana Republican and the Virginia Democratic conventions for repeal. The question now seems to be, which are the Dry states, if any?

By the time this piece is printed Alfred E. Smith, with several of his close friends and advisers, will be in Chicago, in full and open charge of the fight to prevent the nomination of Governor Roosevelt. The confidence that Mr. Roosevelt will be nominated on the first ballot appears to would, however, be a great mistake to think that this idea is regarded as sound by either Smith or those associated with him in the anti-Roosevelt movement. On the contrary, the conviction is strong that the inherent weakness of Roosevelt in the East is so apparent that his candidacy will crumble soon after the leaders from the states assemble and size the situation up.

The plain truth of the matter is that there stands between Roosevelt and the nomination nothing whatever save the resourcefulness, the skill and the determination of Smith as a leader on the ground. There are plenty who still have faith in him; plenty who have lost it. The one sure thing about the Convention is that it will be a fight from start to finish.

Washington. T. R. B.

Mostly About Drawing

MISS MARGARET HAMILTON, in her first Broadway stage part it seems, has won for herself a fair applause indeed. Her performance in "Another Language" is droll and alive and amusing, full of talent for character acting. But in such a play the amount of improvisation allows a covering freedom, and Mr. Beckhard's good directing has settled Miss Hamilton into what may be after all a somewhat deceiving appearance of solid acting. The fact of her excellence in that play remains, nevertheless; it was strong enough to bring to her matinee of impersonations more people than might otherwise have come.

She is a genuine comic, that is certain; and this alone is enough to make her worth writing about. Comics are rare. People like Harold Lloyd, for example, in the moving pictures, or like three-fourths of the funny men in the musical comedies and revues, are not really comics at all. They are merely gagmen, agents of more or less howling tricks, funny situations or jokes, or are only pulling off familiar and expected matters in the funny line. What a comic is would be hard to define; but you know the genuine comic when you see him. Something is there that might be said to be in solution; there is a kind of sunshine and character combined, something contagiously human, something you perceive in their heads that does a great deal of incongruous traveling around the world of men and things and events. At his very best, in his very essence, a true comic need do nothing at all to make us laugh and wish him luck; he need do nothing, that is, except project himself, since without this projection one is not an actor at all.

Miss Hamilton is yet a novice, but in these teeming times everybody has a chance, of course; the single ultimate necessity in our theatre is to get the curtain up. And so there is no reason why Miss Hamilton should not be called a great artist, since one more among us will not embarrass the rostra. In fact two ladies on my right constantly said that Miss Hamilton was a great artist; and I thought despairingly of Virgil's little notion, *age quod agis,* do do what you do do, so to speak. No matter how many great artists we have then.—Petronius in Rome, speaking of the statues, said that if you took a walk you ran into more gods than men.

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Ready Underwear Hour," in which you heard three songs in different styles from the baby doll to the crooner, all of it very amusing and very plainly full of talent. The invention was good, too, in another number, where at some sort of church event, a strawberry supper or something, I forget, the lady church worker consents to sing, and in the second song, after an opening uncertainty as to how to get the tune in, finds that she has broken out all over into jazz. The other soprano parts varied in their comic element, in the performer's natural inborn comedy; and they were in attack monotonous and as wholes too easily undertaken, too like cutting-up at a house party. There were no gestures, except the semi-circular bow of the prima donna as she received her ovation, that stayed with you as in themselves patterns of observation and burlesque. In sum Miss Hamilton remains an amateur in this sort of work; what she does is gifted but still too casual and unthought. She also does too much. She does not know when to concentrate on one burlesquing design when the need for that arrives, nor how to wait for her own comment to sink in, her burlesque comment on her original. The result is that all these obstruct her own element, what she herself is, in relation to what she is doing. Labor, observation and a study of her timing will help; Miss Hamilton's natural talent is capital material for her to work with.

Mr. Carroll Hollister, who played the accompaniments to these songful gambols, was not used very cleverly. You could often see that his accompaniment was beautiful; and except in the last number, the Underwear broadcasting, where he had to be a character not himself, it would have been more effective to let him be, not a funny pianist, but himself. If against this beautiful playing we had suddenly seen one of those false and foolish beings of Miss Hamilton's pass, and heard the diverse voices lifted, the comment would have been much more caustic and awry.

According to the program, Miss Hamilton was assisted by Mr. W. Peter Joray, which was all too true. There are few actors on our stage that Mr. Joray's Queen Victoria numbers would not assist.

The little vignettes are called "Intimate Moments with Queen Victoria." They are all in pantomime, and they last but a few moments each. Some are a trifle longer, some shorter; I cannot say how long just, since through every one of them I was troubled by the thought of its ending. I should have liked to know in advance that each of them, after a moment's applause, would be repeated.

Two seasons ago I saw Mr. Joray do some of this program in a drawing-room, and I have often wondered how it would go on the stage, how much space and projection he could give to it; how far, in sum, it was not only a drawing-room marvel but theatre as well. It proved to be even better in the theatre, more roundly framed, and the fine quality of its total outline more apparent and stirring.

Mr. Joray's other two numbers, "Napoleon III—Moments from the Second Empire," in which we see the Emperor on a gray afternoon fishing incognito, and later in his English exile, writing a note to Queen Victoria that she will soon receive a present, one of his puppies, and then hearing from France the bad news that the litter has indeed arrived but sadly bar-sinistered with Dachshund, and "The [illegible] equaled only in its heat and intensity by the rip-roaring [illegible] and gives a little audience to a man who speaks of failing sewerage, come off only fairly. The voice and the *sang froid* are the same in each of these impersonations and the words are but so-so.

In the Victoria sketches, with the black silk gown, varied solely by the black lace veil or the white or the bonnet, the only one out of the ten scenes that suggests improvement is the scene in which the Queen sits for her portrait and nods. More comment on her Majesty's opinion of the artist, of royalty and art, of herself being recorded for the ages, or some such possibilities, might be included; at present the content also nods a little. All the other sketches seemed to me impeccable. The timing was superb, the movement also, and the subtle shades of a really profound variety of meanings and moods was evidently clear to the whole audience, for you could have heard a pin drop till the close of each impersonation.

The most important thing about these sketches, however, is the drawing. The Queen, not even with the fashionable and happy Winterhalter nor with any one of all the painters who portrayed her, ever in her life sat to such drawing as this. The final principle of drawing lies in the fact that the life in it, and its excellence, consist in what is between the lines. The greatness of the line in a drawing lies in the content it creates. You must have looked a long time at drawings, with concentration and range, before you know the full meaning of this fact. Most artists themselves never learn it; and among painters, great and small, those in whom the drawing in their paintings is even as good as the other elements there, are few. It must be more than obvious, then, in the acting to be seen in our theatres, how little good drawing there is. In fact, with the growing absence of training of any sort for actors and with the journalistic realism of the plays for them to act, there is less and less drawing of any sort and less sense of it. These Victoria sketches of Mr. Joray's might well be seen and applauded, and then be studied over and over.

STARK YOUNG.

A COMMUNICATION

Can the Socialists Come Back?

SIR: These are exciting days for the rank-and-file Socialists. The emotional outbursts which marked every session of the Milwaukee convention have left them a bit breathless, at a time when they will need all of their collective breath for the hard pull that is ahead. Looking back at that tumultuous gathering, it is evident that it marked the end of a definite phase in the thirty-two years' history of the Socialist party. And if you want to know how Socialism stands today in this country and what the chances are for its comeback in this campaign, it is necessary to go a little behind the first reports that came out of Milwaukee.

From the moment that the New York delegation headed by Morris Hillquit arrived in the city, which for seventeen years has been a Socialist bailiwick under Mayor Daniel Hoan, it was evident that this would be a pow-wow

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wave and was ridding itself of such embarrassing "direct actionists" as Big Bill Haywood.

Long before the convention officially opened, groups upholding and groups opposing the domination of the party machine by Morris Hillquit and his New York followers were meeting far into the night in various hotel rooms. When the formalities of the first day were done, and the election of convention committees got under way, it was evident that at least three elements among the delegates would line up against Hillquit and what the reporters were quick to call "The Old Guard." These were the strong Wisconsin delegation with a traditional hostility to any attempt on the part of New York to run the show, Thomas and his followers—sometimes slightingly referred to by Old Guard spokesmen as "those college boys"—and, finally, the group of youngsters called Militants. This was the first appearance of the Militants on the national Socialist scene and it was they who furnished most of the fireworks at the convention.

The secrecy which has surrounded the doings of the Militants, through no fault of their own, for the two years of their existence sent the reporters to the closed doors of their meetings and threw an instant panic into the Old Guard. This, of course, brought to their ranks many of the younger delegates who had heard vaguely of this new left-wing movement but had not had much idea of what it was all about. Talk of another split in the much split party began to buzz around the lobbies despite the reiterated statements of Militant spokesmen that this loosely organized group has no more use for Communist tactics than the Old Guard themselves. The Militants, it was explained, have for their objects: first, increased party activity, (activity which they feel has to a large extent been neglected under the Hillquit regime); second, a closer coöperation with such progressive elements as there are in the trade unions; third, a repudiation of "reformism"; fourth, a more friendly attitude towards Soviet Russia and the insistence that Socialist parties the world over quit playing with bourgeois governments and turn sharply Leftward.

As for Thomas himself, no matter what your estimate of his Socialism, you must doff your hat to his amazing prowess as a campaigner. As one who traveled with him in that well nigh disastrous presidential campaign of 1928 when "Hoover prosperity" and Al Smith popularity combined to cut the Socialist vote down to a miserable 250,000, I can testify to the man's staying powers. All across the country, from August until election day, he made from two to three speeches a day and made them in most instances under disheartening circumstances. To have survived such a campaign to come back with a vote of 175,000 in the following New York mayoralty election is an outstanding instance of political resiliency. At that time—save in college centers because of his work for the League for Industrial Democracy—he was hardly known to the voters. Today he is a national figure. Scouts for the old parties come back puzzled over the enthusiasm for Thomas in most unlikely places. His name has figured prominently in such straw votes as have been taken. Already "Thomas-for-President" clubs are being organized in states where Socialism, since the War at any rate, has rarely been preached.

It is admitted that his organization was weak. And it is; but the actions of the Milwaukee convention give the new leaders their chance to plant an indigenous Socialism in this country. Because of the circumstances which, it must be confessed, are beyond their control, the Old Guard has been unable to do this. Now with a renovated party machinery, with more radical policies than the Socialists have endorsed for the past ten years and with an appeal to youth which the name of Norman Thomas invariably carries, the Socialists in this campaign may well supply that powerful stimulus for a start towards a new and planned social order for which so great a number of Americans are now ready.

New York City. McALISTER COLEMAN.

CORRESPONDENCE

Back to the Land

SIR: A statistical friend of mine points out that all the people of England could be housed within twenty-five miles of Charing Cross in London on "Garden City" lines. Each, he calculated, would have over one and one-sixth acres, which is ample to put a shack on and to raise enough edibles and other farm products to sustain a family. (Only about half of our farm products are food.)

But no such crowding or diversion of land would be needed if all the towns let their own people work on the unused lands. At present labor can get land only by turning over to some holder all the advantage, more than a bare living, that the withheld land would give him.

But at least if the vacant and unused lands around our cities were used in cultivation by the unemployed, as they were in our probably three million "war gardens," most of the unemployed and many who are poorly or distastefully employed would gladly work for a mere living.

Berlin has more than fifty thousand *Bauergartens*, each with a little Bower house. Those alone must keep from starvation or from a dole at least two hundred thousand persons, directly in the summer, and to a large extent in the winter; besides employing, indirectly, hordes of mechanics, clerks, laborers, for whose products the earnings of these gardeners, and builders of their shelters on the lands, enable them to pay.

New York City. BOLTON HALL.

[Nothing is more pitiful than the simple faith of city folk that any unemployed man could sustain himself and his family by being placed on "land"—whether he had one and one-sixth acres of it, or ten, or a hundred. The problem of getting the land is relatively easy: millions of acres are going begging in farming districts, at prices which represent, not monopoly gains to the present owners, but terrific losses. But working the land with enough success to raise even food for a family is a highly skilled pursuit which requires years of apprenticeship. There is also demanded a considerable amount of capital in tools and machinery, buildings, livestock, etc. More than this, there is necessary a well knit social and economic organization for the farming community. Even the dullest realizes that now it is next to impossible for new settlers to support themselves on the proceeds of cash crops. But to create the fully self-sustaining farm is infinitely more difficult even than this: it is almost a lost art, which can be reacquired only by the shedding of countless habits and demands, and could probably not be achieved by many without at least a generation of experience. There is a limited possibility of relief by giving those unemployed with farming experience a chance to raise such things as vegetables and poultry, but this means careful organization. It also means the addition of sufficient funds to supply the land and equipment and the needs not only for necessities other than food, but for many kinds of food

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Indoctrination in the Schools

SIR: Dr. George S. Counts' recent series of articles in The New Republic advocates that children be indoctrinated in the schools with a program for a new social order. The assumption, even now, that there is any unanimity of opinion as to the desirability of a new social order, or as to the details of one where it is desired, seems exceedingly naïve. More pity, but true for all that.

Further, as Dr. Counts' pamphlet is addressed primarily to the progressive-education movement and as progressive education does not as yet for the most part concern itself with education in the high school and beyond, it is fair to presume that the indoctrination is to be begun in pre-adolescent years.

This is both unwise and unnecessarily cruel. It defeats its own purpose. Pre-adolescent children live in an egocentric world. Their reactions to others are always in terms of self. A capacity for social consciousness is only acquired at or about puberty. Then and then only are they able to think and feel in terms of the other fellow. Idealism and altruism are concomitants of the mating urge. Before pubescence, children are rightfully and naturally concerned with their own inner emotional problems. They should be permitted to reach their own best solution of these before others are forced upon them from the outside.

The attempt of pedagogues who know nothing of the psychology of childhood to compel a development in children which is not appropriate to the phylogenetically determined phase in which they are at a given time, can only result in severe damage. The outcome is either neurotic or psychotic difficulties; a herd-dominated person, with no capacity for critical attitudes towards any society; or a violent reaction against what was forced upon him.

New York City. M. TOSCAN BENNETT.

In Defense of the Packers

SIR: Having spent most of my business life selling surplus American farm products in the shape of lard, hams, bacon, etc., to the rest of the world, I was naturally interested in your editorial in the issue of May 25 on "The Packers vs. the Government." However, it should be borne in mind that the only time the packers were tried in open court they were acquitted, and the decree itself provides that it shall not constitute an admission that the defendants violated any law of the United States.

In the days of President Roosevelt, the packers were very vulnerable to attacks from the politicians, as everybody in the United States was interested in the price of meat, either as a seller of livestock or as a buyer of meat products.

There is nothing to prevent the packers who did not sign the Consent Decree from selling unrelated products, and, as you are probably aware, the powerful Kroger chain operates two packing houses, while selling everything in the food line.

Congress, in its wisdom, exempted the shipping companies, both American and foreign, from the operation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. The shipping companies have taken full advantage of the situation, and my through freight on lard today from Chicago to Liverpool is 92 cents per hundred, with lard selling in Chicago at 4 cents per pound, whereas in 1912, with lard selling at 10⅜ cents per pound, my through rate of freight was only 45.38.

GEORGE MARPLES,
Chicago, Ill. The Cudahy Packing Company.

[Mr. Marples' quarrel is not with The New Republic but with the Supreme Court of the United States. On February 27, 1920, the packers consented to a decree which curbed their misused powers. Mr. Marples is quite right in saying that the decree also provided that it shall not "be considered" as an adjudication that the packers had "violated any law of the United States." Of course that was soothing syrup. Twelve years later, on May 2, the Supreme Court terminated a long series of powerful and astute attempts to escape the restrictions which their past conduct had induced. The concluding sentences of the Court's opinion, expressed through Mr. Justice Cardozo, tell the whole tale:

> The case comes down to this: the defendants had abused . . . duct should be subjected to extraordinary restraints. There was the fear that even when so acting they would still be ready and able to crush their feebler rivals in the sale of groceries and kindred products by forms of competition too ruthless and oppressive to be accepted as fair and just. Wisely or unwisely they submitted to these restraints upon the exercise of powers that would normally be theirs. They chose to renounce what they might otherwise have claimed, and the decree of a court confirmed the renunciation and placed it beyond recall.
>
> What was then solemnly adjudged as a final composition of a historic litigation will not lightly be undone at the suit of the offenders, and the composition held for nothing.

In view of Mr. Marples' connection with the Cudahy Packing Company, it is appropriate to add that the recent attempt to obtain a modification of the decree was pressed by Swift and Armour, whereas the Wilson and the Cudahy companies did not themselves request the modification of the decree but "stated in open court that they would consent to such modification as the court might order provided it be made applicable to the defendants equally."—THE EDITORS.]

Is Japan Misrepresented?

SIR: My attention has been invited to Mr. Raymond Leslie Buell's letter directed to Dr. Inazo Nitobé, appearing in The New Republic of May 25. I am confident that many Japanese, including Dr. Nitobé, are unequivocally and keenly appreciative of Mr. Buell's actions exerted in their behalf anent the immigration law of 1924.

It is heartrending to learn of Mr. Buell's impression that there is no misinformation here as to the "facts" of the recent Far Eastern imbroglio. It is a monstrous assertion that Europe and America know far more about what has happened in Manchuria and Shanghai than the Japanese people. It is another monstrosity that the Japanese people are portrayed as being under a Fascist censorship. Premier Inukai's assassination, which occurred after Mr. Buell's letter was written, was a dastardly act perpetrated by a mere clique of military fanatics.

It is singularly extraordinary that facts are eschewed before judgments are passed and that torrents of abuse are let loose against a wee country which is supposed to have been opened up to the family of nations by the kindly offices of America. "Ignorance is bliss," in some instances. But biased opinions do not go very far; facts count.

I grieve that genuine facts are dismissed. I grieve that fraudulent reports find acceptance. The futility of resorts to warfare is a *lex adjudicata*. But obnoxious indeed is the asseveration that it is right for China to strike and it is wrong for Japan to hit back. There have been provocations galore, but the reports of the provocations were not heeded by the League.

Thanks are due to Mr. Buell for wishing Japan well.

New York City. YUJI YAMAZAKI.

Funds for the Federal Council of Churches

SIR: The Federal Council of Churches is facing a situation unparalleled in its history. Our board of finance has found it necessary to order another immediate cut of $20,000 in our budget. This makes necessary not only reductions in salaries and other economies, but also temporary curtailment of important services.

The Federal Council of Churches is one of the most necessary religious agencies in America today. There is hardly any field of social or religious activity to which it has not made important contributions; evangelism, social service, mercy and relief, world peace, better race relations. It would be a tragedy if this work were hampered at a time like this when its services are needed most.

In order to meet this situation we must enlist the help of a larger number of friends who will contribute in small amounts. We earnestly pray that readers of The New Republic will send such contributions as they can now, to help tide over this serious emergency. Send contributions to Special Emergency Fund, 612 United Charity Building, 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York City.

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A Sermon for Justices

Government by Judiciary, by Louis B. Boudin. New York: William Godwin, Inc. 2 Vols. 1162 pages. $10.

IT IS A grand sermon which Louis Boudin preaches to the United States Supreme Court in "Government by Judiciary." He takes a text and an anti-text; he uses the devices of exegesis to expound constitutional scripture; he marshals learning to confound false interpreters, to confute their monstrous heresies and to reveal the true meaning of the words engrossed upon parchment. It is all done with the utmost sincerity, in the cause of righteousness, and to call to repentance judicial sinners in high places.

A sermon is a sermon, and must be accepted for what it is. Many years ago the author became convinced that the courts had usurped the position of overlord of the legislature and wrote a piece about it in a learned magazine. As time passed, his interest and his indignation grew, his researches were broadened, the subject was developed—and now there appears a homily of heavenly length and in the grand manner. The theme begins with the lean lines of the document of 1787, follows their official exposition by the highest court in the land and recounts the iniquities of the illegitimate exercise of legislative powers by the American House of Lords. The author draws voluminous excerpts from the Reports; appraises the competence, the character and the motives of the jurists whose opinions he passes in review; adds from secular sources helpful items; and incorporates it all in a commentary which never for a moment lapses from its high purpose. The selection of materials, the portraits of characters in the plot, the moral judgments upon jurists and decisions, the shouting of verities and the pounding of the pulpit to drive arguments home, are in the best evangelical manner. The author makes his discourse and the stuff of judicial history the mere instruments of eternal truth. And if he is sparing in the use of the word "peradventure," he has the best of precedents in the decisions of the court which he is studying.

Moreover, his thesis, like that of any great sermon, is substantially true. If an indulgence in restatement be allowed and the fortissimo be subdued, it strikes the ear as plausible enough. The ancient sanctions for a court's declaring a legislative act invalid are neither so numerous nor so unclouded as advocates of judicial supremacy would like to cite. The Fathers may have intended to make of the Supreme Court a Third House, but they did not dare formally to inscribe that provision in "the supreme law of the land." Marshall's first declaration of the invalidity of a congressional act may have been a "usurpation" by, or a "legitimate coronation" of, his court; but both he and his successor, Taney, made only an occasional use of the power. The injunction against the taking of liberty or property "without due process of law" was hardly intended to put the affairs of business beyond the control of the state. The doctrine of freedom of contract, which today sets the hazards for social legislation, had its beginnings in the late nineteenth century. The case books, by ignoring dates and setting decisions down under categories, have done much to confuse meaning and to blur perspective. But a genetic account makes clear that the usage of unconstitutionality —at least as it is currently practised—is a very modern phenomenon. To all of this serious exception will be taken only by literal-minded jurists and others of like persuasion who talk of "constitutional principles applied as they are

Our eyes are less sensitive to pictures in black and white than those of our more pious fathers. The author's thesis against "government by a few conservative men" seems quite reasonable; yet his statement of the case is curiously provoking. In a human world it could not all have happened so simply, so deliberately or so purposively as it is set down. The blame, if blame there be, does not lie in the sinister purposes of judges greedy for power; most of them honestly believed that the Constitution meant what they said it meant. The justices who decided "the great cases" could see clearly neither the surprises which Father Time had in store nor the strange meanings which future benches were to read into their words. The wearers of the robe were men as well as jurists; their ideas and values were of their times; they believed that the Fathers who drew up the great document were men of reason and of sense such as themselves. Mr. Justice Peckham, one of the author's arch conspirators, prided himself upon being guided by "the more enlightened" economic theory of his own day. In the later nineteenth century, laissez-faire and competition were common sense; in reading "freedom of contract" into the Fifth and the Fourteenth Amendments the Court was voicing—probably a bit belatedly—the prevailing opinion of the age. It would have been strange indeed if an institution as dominant as business had not contrived and forced even into constitutional doctrine an intellectual defense of its independence of government. The story of how the judiciary came by its power runs through many climates of opinion and is shaped by strange turns in the course of unintended events.

It is too bad to have to say it; but the author's case against government by judiciary is legalistic. Whether the office of overlord belongs to the Supreme Court by title or seizure cannot be made the basis of a practical judgment. In a world of change every authority gradually gives up old functions and assumes new ones. The powers of the judiciary were never formally granted or consciously usurped; they emerged from a continuous stream of changing circumstances, or in shorthand "just grew." Apologist or opponent may sanction or condemn by reference to origin, but no modern institution could justify its current exercise of authority by the standard of legitimacy. The whole inquiry is rather irrelevant; it is far more important to ask how seemly it is for judges to perform a regulatory task. And the significant fact is that the Supreme Court—as against alternative agencies of social control—is not well fitted in tradition, in access to information, in procedure or in trained personnel, for the office of final arbiter over a developing economic order. But no single book can give us all we want; if we are to have so good a thing as a sermon, it is thankless to ask for the fruits of undogmatic inquiry in addition.

As a living institution the Supreme Court is many things to many persons. In a land of individual liberty the reader has an inalienable right to his own sort of book about it. Myers has out-Bearded Beard in showing that justices are creatures of desire impelled by their own pecuniary interests. Warren has written down all the external happenings to the Court and the reaction of the laity to its decisions. Willoughby has scribbled a work priceless to all who still believe that "the Constitution is a written document"; the ingenuity by which he fits all the holdings into an articulate system is matched only by the trust he reposes in the bundle of tricks he plays on the cases. Frankfurter and Landis have shown—and are showing—the incidence of the judicial process upon de-

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rhetoric and the logic of the judgments which go into the making of constitutional law. Corwin gives every now and then a part or the whole of the life history of an important doctrine. And others scribble about the great document or legal code or social usage in their own distinctive ways. But no other contribution can fill the unique place of this book by Louis Boudin. It is full of right and of wrong and of the call of penitents to the mourner's bench. It might even be suggested as "a book that ought to do you good" to some men who move in high judicial circles. The only real shortcoming of preaching is that those who need it most are the very ones who are immune to it.

WALTON H. HAMILTON.

Truth against the World

An Autobiography, by Frank Lloyd Wright. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 395 pages. $6.

IN 1869 a young Wisconsin school teacher looked about her. She did not believe that one sensible building was to be found within a radius of three hundred miles, but she did believe that the boy she carried in her womb would be an architect—and a real one. She was of the sisterhood of great men's mothers. When her son, with Plutarch in his pocket, was tramping the streets of Chicago looking for a job, she wrote him:

> You will find goodness and truth everywhere you go; if you have to choose, choose truth for that is the closest to earth. Keep close to earth, my boy, in that lies strength. Simplicity of heart is just as necessary for an architect as for a farmer, or a minister, if the architect is going to build great buildings.

Such was the milk he drew from her—this boy who had been reared in brutal, peasant ways. His bodily life had been held close to the life of beasts; his mental life, held close to the thought of prophets. The Welsh for "Truth against the World" was the emblem of his immigrant grandfather.

For forty years, these two ideas, "Truth against the world" and "Keep close to earth," have ruled our greatest architect. The dominant force of the nation has so furiously set against them that the following of one maxim makes the other seem a pitfall. The following of both at the same time separated Frank Lloyd Wright from his countrymen. His life has been tragic and brutal, but he has lived it always with the innocent assumption: "Life is Truth." His work, so far as he can make it so, is a reconciliation of this monistic optimism and the dualistic pessimism of his grandfather's emblem.

The consistent versatility of Wright's genius enables him to maintain his techniques against their fragmentary application by others, whether "Functioneer Eclectic," Rue de la Paix, "Modern" or "International." In his career he has followed two rules: to remain alone in labor, and to do in a month what others would take years to accomplish.

His 180 executed buildings and 70 projects solve modern problems in esthetic engineering—the uses of the dwelling, the factory, the church; the application of cantilever, concrete monolith and the concrete block. He learned what Tuscany can teach a planner, and builds the house not *on* the hill but *of* it. His Midway Gardens set forth anew the meaning of the Italian villa. When his dying master, Louis Sullivan, saw the project of the glass skyscraper for Saint Mark's in the Bouwerie he said, "This clear matter; but Wright's feeling for it is clearer than Sullivan's. For him, the architect's problem is this: under the ideal of Freedom to mitigate the horrible Meanwhile. While working on full-sized models for a Millionaire Desert Resort, he solved the esthetics of the temporary shack for a nation largely covered over with shacks, some too cheap and some too dear. This is more important than his solution of the skyscraper. For him the horizontal continuity of a machine world implies the dissolution of the modern city.

He is a good man, which is not to say that all his works are good. They are not. There are truths to be learned from the analysis of art to which his preoccupation with the analysis of nature has blinded him. His taste in sculpture, painting and interior decoration is repellent, but his Imperial Hotel in Tokio withstood two earthquakes, and he houses the human mind by obedience to the nature of building material. He does not combat this nature: he circumvents it like an airplane. But he has too closely identified the combat against the human world with the pursuit of Truth and has impeded the proper performance of his work by his proud loneliness. The faults of his architecture come directly from the bigotry of his faith, but it is probable that a softening of his bigotry would not have made all his works good works and that indeed his World, his Truth, his Self, his Art, have all been predestined by it. His work proceeds from his moral nature. His personal and technical greatness is accomplished. The inmates of his structures are, as he would make them, different from their neighbors and happier than they. The complete moral effect of his work upon the nature of other men might only appear clearly with the passage of time. But Chicago first disfigured his Midway Gardens and then tore them down. Like all great men, he gives his darling to the lions.

JOHN WHEELWRIGHT.

France Seen from Germany

The Civilization of France: An Introduction, by Ernst Robert Curtius. Translated by Olive Wyon. New York: The Macmillan Company. 247 pages. $3.50.

Who Are These French? A German Study of France in the Modern World, by Friedrich Sieburg. Translated by Alan Harris. New York: The Macmillan Company. 302 pages. $2.50.

TWO GERMAN doctors of philosophy, one a professor, the other a journalist, have interpreted modern France in terms characteristic of their common nationality and separate professions. Both emphasize the importance of geography and climate, and they agree that the unique achievement of French civilization is to have made religion and patriotism one and the same thing. But Professor Curtius merely concludes that "the civilization of France has developed into a cult," whereas Dr. Sieburg goes beyond it to dwell upon the Franco-German conflict of which this cult is a part. Dr. Sieburg respectfully acknowledges his debt to Professor Curtius' book and Dr. Curtius returns the compliment by praising Dr. Sieburg in his introduction.

But the Curtius book is the less readable. Entire pages seem to have been lifted from some encyclopedia, and the work as a whole is neither complete nor suggestive. To demonstrate that traditionalism is the essence of French civilization, Professor Curtius keeps disappearing down the corridor of time, then comes sweeping back through the

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and the Intellectual Life," makes the point that France has always encouraged literature officially; though she has "produced no Dante, no Shakespeare, no Cervantes, no Goethe . . . she possesses a literature which forms an unbroken and vital unity and which in its wholeness represents a personality of an incomparable kind."

A year ago in France and two years ago in Germany, "Who Are These French?" attracted wide attention under the happier titles of "Dieu Est-Il Français?" and "Gott in Frankreich." Dr. Sieburg served in the War, and later became Paris correspondent of Die Frankfurter Zeitung before moving to his present position as London correspondent of the same paper. Like Count Keyserling and Egon Friedell, he has been influenced by the writings of Wilde, Shaw and Chesterton, whose mannerisms have been widely copied by the rising generation of German authors. In explaining "Why I Am Writing about France," he says, "Because I rate the progress of ideas above the idea of progress. Because in France all statistics are wrong but all standards are right," and so on. But Sieburg's purpose is to preach, not to amuse. "It would be hard," he says, "to name a more dangerous enemy to European civilization than the religion of nationalism." He then accuses France of having "promulgated the thesis that France is not only always in the right, but also invariably acts in accordance with God's will." Or, as Saint Joan said, "Those who make war on the Holy Kingdom of France make war on King Jesus."

Whereas Curtius devotes his first chapter to civilization, Dr. Sieburg pitches into Saint Joan and the specifically Roman Catholic element in French nationalism. Then come about one hundred wholly charming pages on "Civilization." Here he jumps from past to present, from the provinces to Paris, from literature to personal experience. One sentence sums up the atmosphere of this whole section: "Whoever sees happiness in the harmonious fulfilment of the self; whoever reserves the highest praise for the nation which succeeds in giving complete expression in flesh, stone and word to its sense of life; whoever refuses, in short, to live without the things of the mind—that man will love France and cry out to her, Stay, Stay, in words which can scarcely make themselves heard against the din of our future." Like Curtius he recognizes the significance that the French attach to their literature, but he emphasizes the individualism of France, whereas Curtius emphasizes its traditionalism. In the last few pages of his book, he sums up in abstractions the tragic Franco-German conflict. "Not Being but Becoming is the normal German condition." France, on the other hand, "is perfected." But a new Europe is being born which, in the eyes of France, is closely identified with Germany, and the future relationship between France and the rest of the world therefore hinges on the relationship between these two countries. Sieburg admits that "if we are proposing to pay for the solidarity of nations with the surrender of our private lives, with the conquest of Man by the Machine, then France is right."

But France is wrong. By way of appendix the book includes "An Open Letter to Friedrich Sieburg on France" by Bernard Grasset, Sieburg's French publisher. This document so completely misses the point of the entire book, Grasset is so enchanted by Sieburg's compliments and so hurt by his more trivial criticisms, that a final postscript had to be added in which poor Sieburg laboriously explains, "I thought I had cleared myself for all time of the idea that I believed in Progress; I thought I had shown that the thing which is driving the nations of Europe to solidarity is that economically it is the [illegible]"

But perhaps Dr. Sieburg is wrong too. This word "France" that he and Professor Curtius use as if it stood for some entity—what does it signify, who *are* these French? For all the consistency of French foreign and commercial policy, for all her widespread, standardized culture, France like any other modern state is the sum of several contradictory forces. Dr. Sieburg points out that a large class of *rentiers* lives off the income it receives from government securities. Well, that government has become more and more the puppet of the Schneider-Creusot munition works and the heavy industries. It has sunk billions of francs into foreign loans of doubtful value and is facing a budget deficit of six or seven billion francs next year in consequence. Indo-China and North Africa, where even larger sums have been spent, are severely hit by the world slump in the price of raw materials, and political unrest is increasing in the Far East. Twenty billion francs a year are going into unproductive military expenditures.

Professor Curtius does not even pretend to discuss such matters and Dr. Sieburg wrote his book two years ago with his eye on the situation at that moment. But the understanding that both men desire was destroyed last spring when the Austro-German customs union was attempted. That marked the first battle in the present Franco-German war, which is not being fought by armies and which cannot end by one nation's triumphing over the other. Germany is threatened soon, as France will perhaps be eventually, by a social upheaval that will endanger the whole world in which both Dr. Sieburg and Professor Curtius live, move and have their being.

QUINCY HOWE.

Three Soviet Novels

Soviet River, by Leonid Leonov. Translated by Ivor Montagu and Sergei Nolbandov. New York: The Dial Press. $2.50.

Semi-Precious Stones, by A. I. Voinova. Translated by Valentine Snow. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.

Chocolate, by Alexander Tarasov-Rodionov. Translated by Charles Malamuth. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.

IN A COUNTRY like Russia, where history strides with seven-league boots, what was true one year may not be true the next. By the time a book is published, translated and republished in the United States, it is a historical document rather than a reflection of contemporary Soviet life. If we are properly to evaluate a Soviet novel, the American publishers should tell us when it was written, as well as giving us some indication of the class affiliations of its author.

"Soviet River" was written by an author obviously sympathetic to the new society. Leonov has taken a theme dear to recent Soviet novelists, that of a great factory daringly conceived by the Communists and constructed against overwhelming odds. The Sotstroy paper plant is a symbol. When completed it will force all the small trading industry of the country into liquidation. But Sotstroy will do more than this. It will bring the revolution to the peasants of the river Sot and, by showing them the practical advantages of the collective, will make good Communists of them. As a by-product it will crush the monks who have had a monastery there for generations and have spread their cloth and superstitions over the coun-

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of opposition are set in play—the cunning of the monks, the stubborn resistance of the wealthier peasants, the disinterested scientific attitude of the engineers, the satirical defeatism of the intellectuals and, finally and most devastating, the tricks of nature. Flood and drought slow up the work; a large force has to be laid off temporarily, with the consequent reaction among the newly enlisted workers. Sotstroy thus becomes a symbol of the revolution during the Five Year Plan.

In a foreword, Maxim Gorki mentions the powerful Tolstoyan strokes in Leonov's pattern, the "sharp acute precision of Lermontov's prose" in his character delineation, the echoes of Tyuchev's "nature-lyricism" in his descriptions of landscape. Leonov writes as a worthy inheritor of the Russian classical tradition. The excellence of his prose, however, is not always revealed in the present translation, which, though doubtless literal enough, is frequently graceless.

"Semi-Precious Stones" is the work of another "fellow traveler," but one whose point of view is essentially unfriendly to the Soviet regime. By virtue of its political overtones, the novel suggests the comparatively recent trial of the engineers who were found guilty of sabotage and therefore of treason. But it is only in the last four pages of a 600-page novel that these political overtones come to light. "Personal emotions, separation from the collective, self-analysis, reflection," thunders the prosecuting attorney, "all this is the same to us as an illness of the organism, known under the name of spontaneous gangrene." It is precisely this "spontaneous gangrene" on the part of the hero, however, that fascinates the author; the denunciation of the prosecuting attorney may be taken merely as Voinova's bow to the public, a whiff of boloney to atone for a great deal of malicious satire of the Soviet system. Okromeshkov, the hero, has a Dostoevskian turn for introspection. He is a worm, he is a scoundrel; in short, he is fascinating. An expert in the Semi-Precious Stones Trust, he falsifies his reports to further his own careerist aims. To accomplish this end more effectively, he spins a net of intrigue around his Communist superior, disrupting his family life and inspiring a murder, that apparently inevitable resource of the fellow traveler turned novelist. As a psychological melodrama, "Semi-Precious Stones" is a brilliant performance. But Voinova is as much a victim of "spontaneous gangrene" as his hero, and his indictment of Okromeshkov as a corrupter of "the moral foundations of our reality" might justly be leveled against himself.

Although the specific circumstances which inspired "Chocolate" are now a matter of history, it seems likely that this novel, the work of a general in the Red army, will endure as a revolutionary classic. The essential drama holds true for any similar situation, where the promised goods of the revolution have not yet been delivered to the masses, where the rank and file hesitate, misled by the slander of enemies within and terrified by the armies of the counter-revolution without, and where the slightest defection of their leaders may mean the loss of all that has been gained with so much toil and sacrifice.

For his central character Rodionov has taken a commissar of a provincial Cheka, a Bolshevist of unimpeachable character and long revolutionary service. In a moment of inadvertence Comrade Zudin offers a job in his office to a former ballet dancer whose case as a political suspect has been dismissed. Yelena gives Zudin's wife some silk stockings and his children a bar of chocolate. Learning that the son of a wine merchant is to be released from prison by the Cheka, she dupes the parents into giving her a bribe. The result is inevitable: a commission from headZudin. It is at this point that Rodionov's novel takes on a dramatic intensity and an eloquence that are profoundly moving. A committee of three weighs Zudin's fate; the thunder of the guns of the White army outside the city penetrates the courtroom. Zudin is sentenced to be shot, but the reader never doubts that for each member of the tribunal the task of sentencing his comrade is like firing a bullet into his own heart. Zudin is to be shot, not for what he has done, but because the destiny of the revolution is in the balance and there is no time to explain to the rank and file the difference between a mistake and a crime.

"You see," Stepan says, shaking his head. "There's nothing to be done about it. The matter is clear; there is no time. I am addressing myself to him who forgot about the kopeks. We must immediately move all the workers to the front, and for that reason, for precisely that reason, and not because he is guilty of anything, Zudin will be shot."

EDWIN SEAVER.

Book Notes

ART

FOUNDATIONS OF MODERN ART, by Amédée Ozenfant. *New York: Brewer, Warren and Putnam. 323 pages, illustrated. $5.*

Being a master of the brush as well as the pen, M. Ozenfant is taken seriously even by artists. "Foundations of Modern Art," his third book on the subject (he wrote "Après le Cubisme" and "Peinture Moderne," in collaboration with Le Corbusier), reflects the uncorruptible incisiveness of a critic who never bowed to false prophets or ascendant fashions in literature and the fine arts.

M. Ozenfant believes that only a major operation can restore health to the debilitated body of French art and literature. His diagnoses reveal that our outstanding contemporary innovators are playing strident solos in the universal orchestra; that the effort of Picasso and his cubist friends to "evoke emotion without resorting to representational forms" was a logical conceit and a natural development from Cézanne, but once having been widely exploited, no longer serves any useful purpose; that the Dada and Surrealist revolt resulted in the complete excommunication of nature, which was replaced by dream-world symbols speaking an esoteric language. As for the literature of the past quarter-century, our author finds the work of Breton, Louis Aragon, Cocteau and Apollinaire equally incommunicable. Here also insularity and *l'art pour l'art* reign supreme. Ozenfant questions the value of poetry behind closed doors and prose that obscures thought instead of provoking it. An art that only satisfies a passing need and fails to inspire us with lofty and elevating emotions falls into rapid decay. "A beautiful Egyptian statue was perfect in its epoch and remains so," because it is "based on our categorical and eternal feelings." The moment our artists realize that "men are different from each other, but more similar than different," they will begin to create noble works of art. Ozenfant already sees signs of stability today in the prose of Paul Valéry, the mechanistic simplifications of Léger, the constructivism of Gabo and Pevsner. "The one revolution essential to art nowadays," he writes, "should be the breaking with all revolutions that have no object."

MODERN FRENCH PAINTING: Vol. I, The Post Impressionists from Monet to Bonnard; Vol. II, The Modernists from Matisse to de Segonzac, translated from the French of Adolphe Basler and Charles Kunstler. *New York: William Farquhar Payson. 142 and 150 pages, illustrated. $2.50 each.*

These two volumes should be of service to the la reader who wishes to familiarize himself with the outstanding movements and figures in French painting since the 1870's. Though seldom profound or critically stimulating, they do succeed in clarifying a confusing period. Each volume contains seventy-two monochrome

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Biography

HINDENBURG, by Gerhard Schultze-Pfaelzer. *New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 395 pages. $5.*

Though it ranks far above the other translated biographies of Hindenburg, the present volume fails to realize his personality. Is it because he is "almost entirely devoid of individuality, in fact a glorified marionette," as the author of a German pamphlet says of him? Our present biographer quotes this "absurd" comment, as well as the remark of Clemenceau, who, when asked on the eve of a presidential election whom he was going to vote for, answered, "For the biggest fool." But the book is interesting for other than biographical reasons. It is by no means a radical book; in fact, it is extremely moderate in its political and social views, yet it evinces a complete disillusionment and loss of faith in the old ruling classes of Germany. The East German junkers, from whom Hindenburg sprang, "were no divinely inspired race." What was German policy before the War? Answer: "Merely one of imperial braggadocio." The only friends that the old diplomacy gained for Germany were "decadent Austria and the unreliable Italian pickpockets." Why the greed for conquests, west and east? "The magnates of the heavy industries expected to make a lot of money out of foreign raw material, the officers of the noble agrarian class were bent upon obtaining large tracts of cheap land for themselves and their sons in the east." And these statements are to be read in an entirely respectable book on Hindenburg! Clearly, German mentality is changing, and changing fast, notwithstanding the apparition of Hitlerism.

Psychology

NIGHTMARES, WITCHES AND DEVILS, by Ernest Jones, *New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 374 pages. $4.*

Ernest Jones is one of the most scholarly and curiously read of psychoanalysts, as well as one of the most faithful to the spirit of Freud. In this volume he has assembled an extraordinary mass of data relating to the more sensational aspects of abnormal psychology. Nightmares, incubi and succubi, vampires and werewolves, devils and witches: all these curious children of superstition and pathology are presented with a wealth of documentary detail, from their earliest legendary forms down through medieval times to their modern counterparts in bad dreams, hysteria, obsessions and compulsion neuroses. It is probable that the critical reader will get most profit from the historical, mythical and linguistic aspects which Dr. Jones discusses very learnedly: the patient symbolism and the efforts to connect practically every phase of witchcraft and demonology with some phase of sexual disturbance, although plausible and at times most illuminating, suggest loyalty to a dogma rather than scientific treatment of the "depth psychology" of Freud.

THE SECRET OF THE GOLDEN FLOWER. Translated from the Chinese and explained by Richard Wilhelm, with a European commentary by C. G. Jung. *Translated from the German by Cary F. Baynes. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 211 pages. $3.75.*

The famous German sinologue, Richard Wilhelm, has translated the text of a Chinese Yoga manual; the psychoanalyst, C. G. Jung, interprets it. It is an interesting pioneer work in a new field that may prove to be of great importance. Instead of being presented to curiosity seekers and religion tasters, this tract of Chinese mysticism is seriously studied as a psychological document. Jung's analysis is absorbing. He believes the discipline dictated by the text to be one for which Western culture has unfitted the Western mind. He identifies its concepts with elements left in the unconscious in Western thinking, particularly with those whose surface manifestation is the pathology of split personality. He therefore considers Yoga dangerous for Western man. It is likely that, in Eastern mysticism, psychoanalysis in particular and psychology in general have at hand for exploration a field which may be as fruitful as the study of primitive psychology has proved to be.

PSYCHOLOGY AT WORK, edited by Paul S. Achilles. *New York: Whittlesey House. 260 pages. $2.50.*

"facts" and then sorting them out in more or less arbitrary heaps, to one or another of which, willy nilly, every subsequent "fact" must belong. The *reductio ad absurdum* of this method was, of course, to regard people also as facts: witness the crudities of the early mental testers and of most contemporary "personnel managers." The present volume is a welcome exception to such rules of thumb. Here seven competent authorities (including Arnold Gesell, Lois Hayden Meek and Arthur I. Gates) discuss the ways in which psychology has met the problems imposed by such vital questions as education, child guidance, industry, social and political activities, medicine, law and religion. In addition to presenting the results of much valuable experimental work, the contributors unite in regarding the individual—not the social system—as primary: this is a notable shift in point of view from the spurious impersonality of Münsterberg's "psychotechnics."

Fiction

BRIGHT SKIN, by Julia Peterkin. *Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.*

Mrs. Peterkin's Negroes are kindly, sentimental and superstitious. When violence interrupts the quiet life of the plantation it is somewhat slurred over, and the great problem of the relationship of Negroes and whites enters only indirectly. The story —Blue's lifelong devotion to Cricket, the bright skin, their marriage to save her from disgrace, and her flight and eventual success in New York—is subordinated to convincing pictures of plantation life, to accounts of funerals, weddings and festivals. These accounts are often delightfully written; it is only in the more dramatic scenes that the novel is disappointing. Again and again the characters seem to give up, to surrender a belief, a fit of rage or a momentary jealousy, not because these renunciations are inherent in the situation, but because the tension evoked seems too great to be communicated by Mrs. Peterkin's gentle and graceful prose.

Contributors

Stuart Chase, whose various books on economic subjects need no introduction to readers of The New Republic, is at present living in Connecticut. The book from which the present series is chosen, entitled "A New Deal," will be issued by Macmillan in August.

Joshua Kunitz, writer, translator and lecturer, recently returned from the Soviet Union, where he made an exhaustive study of the national minorities and the latest developments in Soviet literature. He has received a Ph.D. degree from Columbia University, has taught in the College of the City of New York and is one of the few foreigners who have visited Tadjikistan.

John Dos Passos, the well known author of a volume of poetry, two plays, a book of travel and several novels, recently published "1919," the second volume in a trilogy which he intends to complete next year.

McAlister Coleman, who was one of the Militants at the Socialist Convention at Milwaukee, has written a biography of Eugene V. Debs. As an outcome of the Militants' struggle with the Hiliquit group at the convention, Mr. Coleman resigned as columnist for The New Leader, official Socialist weekly.

Walton H. Hamilton, the author of "Current Economic Problems" and other volumes on economic subjects, is Southmayd Professor of Law at Yale University.

John Brooks Wheelwright, who contributes poetry and criticism to The Hound and Horn, is the author of a book of verse, "North Atlantic Passage." He is a member of the New England Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners.

Quincy Howe is the editor of The Living Age, in which capacity he translates copiously from French and German magazines.

Edwin Seaver is the author of a novel, "The Company," which is now being translated into Russian, and the editor of the magazine 1924, 1925, which he published in Woodstock, New York. He is at present in Con-

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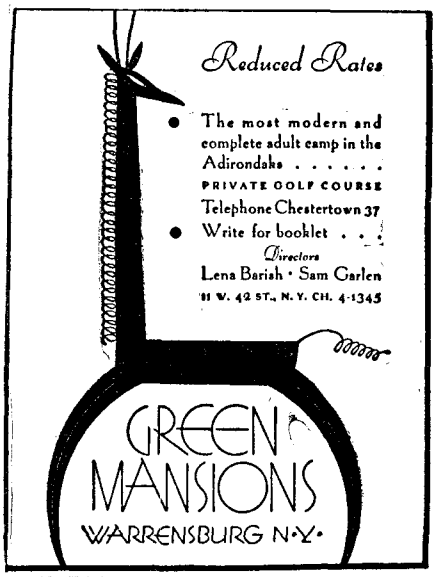

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